

THE CATHOLIC NATIONAL SERIES



THIRD READER

BY
RIGHT REV. RICHARD CILMOUR D.D.

BISHOP
OF
CLEVELAND



NEW YORK
CINCINNATI
AND ST. LOUIS.

BENZIGER BROS.

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HIS HOLINESS, POPE LEO XIII.

Sacrorum Bibliorum volumen et obsequii sensus, quos per Episcopum Basiliensem fratres Benziger Editores Nobis obtulerunt, grato animo exceperimus; eosque et eorum operam, ut religioni semper bene vertat, Apostolica Benedictione prosequimur.

Leo P. P. XIII.

TRANSLATION.

We have received with thanks the copy of *The Bible History*, together with the expressions of devotion, which Benziger Brothers, publishers, have sent us through the Bishop of Basel, and we give our Apostolic Benediction to them and to their labors that these may always tend to the good of Religion.

Leo P. P. XIII.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, AND ST. LOUIS.

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NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, AND ST. LOUIS:

BENZIGER BROTHERS,

PRINTERS TO THE HOLY APOSTOLIC SEE.

P R E F A C E .

This **THIRD READER**, in common with the other books of the **CATHOLIC NATIONAL SERIES**, has one chief characteristic, viz.: a thoroughly Catholic tone, which will be found to pervade the whole book.

The Lessons are bright, but simple ; instructive, but entertaining and easy. They have been drawn, mainly, from the best juvenile literature of the day, but, in every instance, have been re-written and adapted to the grade of the book.

Definitions of words and phrases, not likely to be known to children, precede the lessons, and have numbers prefixed to indicate in which paragraphs they occur. In most cases, only the meaning of the word, as used in the lesson, appears ; but in others, two or more definitions are given ; the one in *italics* applying to the lesson.

Particular attention is paid to the **pronunciation** of such words as are likely to be miscalled ; the proper pronunciation being indicated by means of phonetic spelling.

As a new feature, some **bold script type** is introduced, in order to familiarize the pupils with written speech ; and at the end of the book there is a complete **Index** of words that are defined, which will prove valuable in defining and dictation exercises, and an aid in composition.

To some of the lessons, **Questions** are appended. These should invariably be used, as they are an excellent means of ascertaining how far the pupil understands what has been read. Where there are no questions, the teacher should supply them.

The mechanical execution of this Reader is fully equal to the other books of the Series ; the illustrations are particularly beautiful, and were drawn, expressly, by an artist acknowledged without a peer in his profession.

The **ENGLISH GRAMMAR**, which accompanies the **CATHOLIC NATIONAL SERIES**, will be found a valuable adjunct to this Reader, as it is peculiarly adapted to beginners.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN order to become a good reader, it is necessary, first, to have a proper knowledge of the elementary sounds of the language; and, secondly, to be able to utter them correctly and distinctly.

This utterance of the elementary sounds of words is called **ARTICULATION**.

The Elementary Sounds of the English language are divided into **TONICS**, **SUBTONICS**, and **ATONICS**.

Tonics are pure tones produced in the throat. They are represented by the vowels.

Subtonics are tones produced in the throat, but changed by the teeth, lips, tongue, or palate.

Atonics are mere breathings, formed into sounds by the teeth, lips, tongue, or palate.

[The marked letters introduced in these tables, and used throughout the **READER**, are the same as those used in Webster's Dictionary.]

TONICS.

ā	e	as in	fate, pay, ape ; they, weigh.
ă		“ “	fat, sad, man, lamp, gas.
â	ê	“ “	care, parent ; there, where.
ä		“ “	far, father, harp, half, calm.
à		“ “	ask, pass, dance, branch.
ạ	ô	“ “	fall, walk, malt ; form, corn.
ē	ĩ	“ “	me, here, people ; pique, police.
ě		“ “	met, end, desk, sled.
ě	ĩ	“ “	her, fern, term ; sir, girl.
ī	ỹ	“ “	pine, aisle, pie ; my, buy.
ĩ	ỹ	“ “	pin, ink, milk ; gypsy, hymn, myth.
ō		“ “	go, old, bone, home, only, road.
ố	ạ	“ “	got, ox, shop ; what, wash.
oō	ơ ụ	“ “	food, moon ; do, prove ; rude, rumor.
oố	ơ ụ	“ “	foot, book ; wolf, woman ; full, push.
ū		“ “	use, glue, tune, lute, tube.
ũ	ó	“ “	us, cup, study ; son, done, other.
û		“ “	burn, urge, concur, furl.
oi	oy	“ “	oil, join, choice ; toy, oyster.
ou	ow	“ “	out, noun, cloud ; owl, now, town.

SUBTONICS.

b	as in	babe, bib, bubble.	v	as in	vine, valve, vane.
d	“ “	did, odd, dead.	w	“ “	way, wet, worn.
g	“ “	gag, gig, gone.	y	“ “	yes, year, yarn.
j	“ “	jar, join, judge.	z	“ “	zone, maze, zinc.
l	“ “	lake, lame, lively.	ng	“ “	bring, sinking.
m	“ “	mum, mild, mug.	th	“ “	thine, with, them.
n	“ “	nun, noun, nest.	zh	“ “	azure, glazier.
r	“ “	ray, rip, race, rake.			

ATONICS.

f as in fame, leaf.	t as in tone, note.
h “ “ hard, home.	th “ “ thing, breath.
k “ “ keep, king.	ch “ “ chase, child.
p “ “ pay, pipe.	sh “ “ shelf, shake.
s “ “ same, yes.	wh “ “ who, whole.

Pupils should frequently be exercised in the elementary sounds, in order to acquire distinctness in articulation. They should be taught to avoid the following

COMMON ERRORS IN ARTICULATION.

1. The omission of a sound, or sounds ; as,

an' for and.	readin' for reading.
bes' “ best.	reg'lar “ regular.
ev'ry “ every.	di'mond “ diamond.

2. Pronouncing silent letters ; as,

often for of'n.	listen for lis'n.
soften “ sof'n.	castle “ cas'l.
heaven “ heav'n.	almond “ a'mond.

3. Substituting one sound for another ; as,

git for get.	differunt for different.
borrer “ borrow.	injines “ engines.
chinee “ china.	childrin “ children.

4. Adding sounds which do not belong to the word ; as,

drowned	for	drowned.
mountainious	“	mountainous.
preventative	“	preventive.

ACCENT.

Accent is a peculiar stress or effort of the voice upon a certain syllable of a word.

The pronunciation of words depends on the placing of the accent and the sounds given to the letters.

A correct pronunciation can be learned only by attention to the language of correct speakers, and a careful and diligent use of the Dictionary.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is a particular force given to one or more words of a sentence, or to a whole sentence.

1. Words or sentences should be *emphasized* when they are particularly important in meaning ; as,—I feel *a great deal* better ; or when a contrast is to be shown ; as,—Look on *this* picture, not on *that*.

2. The meaning of a sentence often depends altogether on the *emphasis* ; as,

Do *you* ride to town to-day?

Do you *ride* to town to-day?

Do you ride to *town* to-day?

Do you ride to town *to-day*?

3. *Emphasis* often governs even the *accent* ; as,

I told you to *tie* that, not to *un'tie* it

INFLECTION.

Inflection is the rise or fall of the voice in speaking or reading.

1. The *Rising Inflection* is generally used in questions that can be answered by *yes* or *no*; while the answers, when positive, take the *Falling Inflection*; as,

Do you attend school? Yes, I do.

2. Questions which can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, together with their answers, generally take the *Falling Inflection*; as,

How old are you? I am ten.

3. In Contrasts or Comparisons the first part usually takes the *Rising*, the second part the *Falling Inflection*; as,

He follows him through thick and thin.

4. When in Contrasts or Comparisons one part is affirmed and the other denied, the affirmative part takes the *Falling*, and the negative, the *Rising Inflection*, no matter in which order they are; as,

This is not summer, it is winter.

This is winter, not summer.

This is no accident, it is God's curse.

This is God's curse; it is no accident.

5. The general rule is, that the ideas which are complete, certain, or positive take the *Falling Inflection*, while those that are incomplete, doubtful or negative take the *Rising Inflection*; as,

I know this to be the *case*.

I think I shall be *there*.

6. *Circumflex* is a *Rising* and *Falling*, or *Falling* and *Rising Inflection* on the same syllable.

GENERAL RULES.

The first *requisite* for good reading is to *understand* every word of what is read. Hence, every lesson should first be explained by the Teacher, and studied carefully by the pupil. In this way, only, can the child enter into the feelings and sentiments of a writer, and read with a natural and appropriate *expression*.

Great attention should be paid to the proper pronunciation of the words.

Finally, the pupil should try to read in a natural way, and, in order to do this, the *pitch* of the voice must be neither too high nor too low, but in that key in which the voice can be used with most effect.

THIRD READER.

LESSON I.



- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| 1. Gĕn'tly, <i>softly</i> ; not roughly. | 4. Glō'ri-oŭs, grand; having |
| 2. Grā'cioŭs, (grā'shus), <i>full of</i> | qualities worthy of praise; |
| <i>grace or mercy</i> ; kind to | <i>splendid</i> . |
| the poor or lowly. | |

The Children's Friend.

PRONUNCIATION.—¹Said is pronounced sĕd, not sayd; ²the before a consonant sound is pronounced thŭ; ³love is pronounced lŭv; say ⁴ā-ġen', not a-ġān', nor a-ġin'.

“Let little children come to Me,”
Our Saviour Jesus said¹;
And then He gently laid His hands
Upon each infant's head.

He took the² babies in his arm
And set them on His knee ;
And mothers stood with thankful hearts,
Such gracious love³ to see.

You cannot go to Jesus now
As little ones could then,
For when His work on earth was done
He went to Heaven again.⁴

But Jesus on His glorious throne
Remembers children still ;
He wishes them to hear His Word
And learn to do His will.

And, when they die, He promises
To give them each a place,—
A happy place beside His throne,
Where they can see His face.

Then let us praise the holy God,
Who once was pleased to send
His only Son to live on earth
To be the Children's Friend.

QUESTIONS.—What did our divine Saviour say to the little children? Why can you not go to Him as children did at that time? What has He promised to those who do His Will?

LESSON II.

- | | |
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| <p>3. En'vied (ĕn'veed), looked up-on with grudging eyes ; desired strongly ; <i>felt sad at the sight of another's greater happiness.</i></p> <p>3. Glance, a sudden shoot of light ; <i>a quick look.</i></p> | <p>5. Peep, look slyly through a narrow opening.</p> <p>6. Re-pĕat'ed, went over a second time ; <i>said what had already been said.</i></p> <p>8. Gāz'ing, looking earnestly and steadily.</p> |
|---|--|

Bessie's First Mass.

PRONUNCIATION.—Say ¹wer, not wāre ; ²ō'pn, not ō'pen ; ³wŏz, not wuz ; ⁴un-combed' is pronounced un-kōmd' ; ⁵clothes is pronounced klōthz ; ⁶an'swer, ān'ser ; say ⁷prit'tee, not pret'tee, nor pŏot'tee.

1. One day Mary Ford and her little sister Nannie were ¹ going to mass ; just as they were on the church-steps, they saw a poor girl looking through the open ² door, as if she wished to enter, but kept back through fear or shame.

2. She seemed to be about Mary's age, but was ³ very pale and thin. She was bare-footed, her hair was uncombed, ⁴ her face and hands were dirty, and her clothes ⁵ ragged.

3. The poor child looked at the two little girls as if she greatly envied their neat appearance. Nannie noticing the glance, whispered to her sister : "Speak to her, Mary, we have plenty of time."

4. Going up to her, Mary said : "Will you not come into the church with us ?"—"No, no," was the answer, ⁶ "I am not fit for that ; but I like to

stand here and peep inside, it looks so pretty⁷ and the music is so sweet."

5. "But are you not a Catholic?" said Mary, "and do you not come to mass on Sundays?" — "No," answered the girl, "I never go to church. I am not fit for that." — "O, do come with us this morning," said Mary.

6. "No," repeated the child,



"you would not let me stand by you, and I would only dirty your clothes with my poor rags." — "O, do come in with us," said Nannie, coaxingly, "there is plenty of room in the pew where we sit, and we do not mind your clothes at all."

7. As she still held back, Mary took her by the hand and drew her forward, while Nannie clapped her hands and softly cried: "O Blessed Lady! I am so glad, so glad."

8. The stranger sat in the pew, gazing with wonder at all she saw,—the statues of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and the Guardian Angel, but especially at the altar with its lights, its flowers, and the crucifix. She did not know, though, that our Blessed Lord dwelt there.

LESSON III.

1. **In-quired** (in-kwīrd'), asked.

8. **Or'phan**, a child whose parents are both dead.

8. **A-sy'lum**, a place of safety; *a house in which poor children are cared for.*

Bessie's First Mass. Concluded.

PRONUNCIATION.—Say ¹ en'nŷ-thing, not a'ny-thing; ² nŷth'ing, not nŷth'ing.

1. Father Langton noticed the children, and after Mass, inquired who the stranger was. When Mary told him, he asked the poor girl her name, and where she lived. "My name is Bessie, sir, and I live with Widow Beel," answered the child.

2. "Bessie, eh! a very pretty name; and what else, my child?"—"I do not know, sir; I am never called anything¹ but Bessie."—"What is your

mother's name?"—"I do not know, sir; she died before I knew her, and my father is dead too, and I have no one at all who cares for me," and Bessie began to cry.

3. "Do not cry, my child," said the kind priest, "you have God for your Father, and our Blessed Lady for your Mother."—"And where do they live, sir?" said Bessie, wiping her eyes, "I never heard of them before."

4. The priest laying his hand on her head, blessed her, and then the two sisters, bidding them go home and promising to see them soon again. When they were outside the church, Bessie said: "I should be glad to go there again with you, if I am not sent off begging."

5. "But why do you beg?" asked Mary; "you are old enough to do something for yourself, if it is only to run errands, or to take care of a child; Mother says even Nannie is of help in the house."—"But who would have me?" said Bessie, "without a shoe to my foot and nothing² but rags to cover me."

6. Mary and Nannie began to cry. "Do not cry," said Bessie, "for your kindness has done me more good than the best dinner I ever had. Good-bye!" and so saying, she ran off.

7. When the sisters reached home and told their mother of their strange meeting with Bessie, she promised to find out something about the child.

Within a week she learned that Bessie was the child of good Catholic parents, who had both died of a fever, leaving their little girl alone in the world.

8. With Father Langton's help, Mr. and Mrs. Ford had the child placed in St. Mary's Orphan Asylum for two years. There she was instructed in her religion, and taught how to earn her own bread; and many a time in after-years did she bless Mary and Nannie for their good deed in bringing her into church.

LESSON IV.

PRONUNCIATION.—Do not pronounce *ing* like *in* in such words as ¹crawling, ²passing; say ³trav'el, not trav'l; ⁴ōn'lee, not un'lee; ⁵sure is pronounced as if spelled shoor.

The Fox and the Crab.

1. One day a Crab was slowly crawling¹ along the banks of a river. A Fox, passing² that way, saw it. "Here is a chance for some fun," said the Fox to himself.

2. "Halloo! Mr. Crab," he cried, "Where are you going so fast? You fly along like a bird." The Crab knew that this was said to mock him, and answered: "Never mind where I am going. But, fast or slow, I travel³ quicker than you."

3. "Ha, ha!" said the Fox, "Quicker than I!

You must be joking. But if you really think so, suppose we run a race." — "Agreed," replied the Crab, "if it is not too far. I can run fast, but no great distance. Suppose we make it a mile?"

4. "Only ⁴ a mile!" exclaimed the Fox. — "Yes, a mile, and I shall give you a start; and unless you take it I shall not run." — "What start will you give," asked the Fox, who thought it was great fun.

5. "Only your own length," said the Crab. "Place yourself so that your hind-feet touch my nose; and when I cry 'Away!' you must set off." This plan amused the Fox, who felt sure ⁵ of winning the race.

6. He turned himself round, and, as he did so, his bushy tail was within reach of the Crab, who seized the long hair tightly with his claws, without the Fox knowing it, and shouted at the same moment, "Away!"

7. Off started Mr. Fox, his feet scarcely touching the ground. As soon as he reached the next mile-stone, he turned round and cried, "Where are you, Mr. Crab? what has become of you?"

8. Now, as the Fox turned round to look for his companion, his tail touched the mile-stone; so the Crab let go his hold, and answered, "Here I am, waiting for you. I was just wondering when you would be along. You have certainly taken time enough to get over a mile."

9. Now Mr. Fox, who had no idea that he had carried the Crab all the way clinging to his tail, was much astonished at seeing him there, and not knowing what to say, he slunk home to his den, determined never again to laugh at a Crab.



LESSON V.

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| 1. Wĕll'-curb , a frame or wall
around the mouth of a well. | 4. Mĭr'ror , a looking-glass. |
| 2. Ad-mŏn'ish , to warn of a fault;
<i>to caution or to warn.</i> | 5. Dĭ-rĕct'ed , guided; led; caused
to go in a particular man-
ner. |

The Worth of Knowledge.

PRONUNCIATION.—Say ¹ nŭ, not noo; ² win'dŏ, not win'der; ³ mĭn'it, not min'yute; ⁴ i'urn, not i'ron; ⁵ hwŷl, not wyl; knowledge is pronounced nol'ej.

1. Freddy Mason was one day sitting near the well-curb, whittling, when all of a sudden his pocket-knife slipped from his hand and dropped into the well. He heard it splash in the water, but when he looked into the well he could see nothing of it.

2. Fred felt sorry enough to cry, for it was a new¹ knife that his Uncle had given him on his birthday. But as crying would not better the matter, he went into the house and told his mother. She felt very sorry for his loss, but could only admonish him to be more careful in future.

3. Uncle Jack, who sat near the window,² reading, looked up from his book, and asked if the knife was open. "Yes, sir," answered Fred.—"Well then, just wait a minute,³ and we will see what can be done," and so saying, he left the room.

4. When he returned, he had with him a small piece of iron,⁴ shaped like a horse-shoe, fastened to

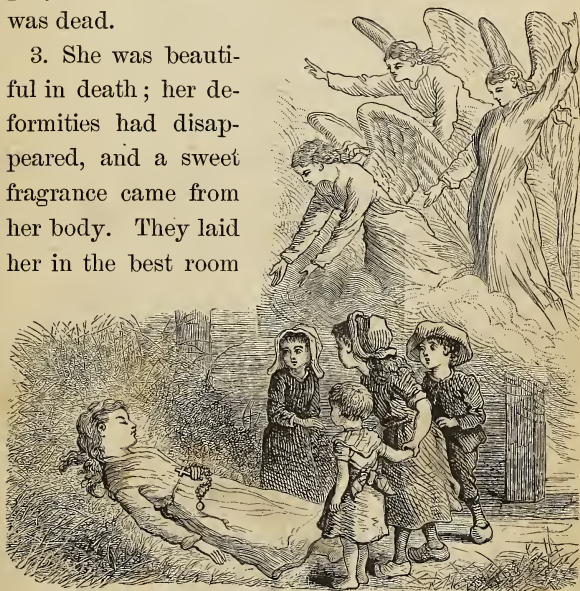


a long, strong cord and a hand-mirror. "Here we are, Fred," he cried, "and now to get the knife."—"But Uncle," said Fred, "how can a looking-glass and a piece of iron help us to get it?"

5. "This piece of iron, my boy," answered Uncle Jack, "is a magnet, which has the power of attracting iron, and even of holding on to small pieces. But come, let us go fishing, and you will see for

2. Some children who were passing by the barn, went into it, and there they found the holy child, lying quietly, with a smile upon her face, and her lips half open, as if she had hardly finished her prayer. Germaine was dead.

3. She was beautiful in death; her deformities had disappeared, and a sweet fragrance came from her body. They laid her in the best room



of her father's house, dressed in white, with a wreath of wheat and roses on her head; she looked lovely, and as if she wanted to forgive those who had caused her so much pain and sorrow.

4. All the villagers came to her funeral, but it was to request her to pray for them. She was buried,

and was soon forgotten by all except the poor, to whom she had been so kind.

5. Forty-five years after, the grave-digger opened a tomb one day, and to his great surprise, saw in it, a beautiful young girl, who seemed to be asleep. The wreath of wheat and flowers upon her head was quite fresh, and her garments were white and unstained. The priest was sent for, and he ordered the body to be taken into the church.

6. It was the body of Germaine. Many miracles were performed through her intercession, and the Church placed her among the saints, to be venerated by the faithful. Thus we see that even in this world God rewards those who love and serve Him.

LESSON IX.

"Letting."

PRONUNCIATION.—Say ¹ěv'er-ee, not ev'ree; ²awl'wāz, not awl'-wuz, nor ōl'wuz; ³whether is hwěth'er, not weth'er; ⁴were is pronounced wēr, not ware.

1. Every¹ one loved Rose and Gertrude. It was impossible to do otherwise, for they were always² cheerful and happy. They had the same books, the same play-things, and whether playing³ or helping their mother they were⁴ always the same sweet-tempered little girls.

2. "You never seem to quarrel," said a lady to

them one day ; “ how is it you are always so happy together ? ” For a moment they looked puzzled, and then Rose answered, with a smile, “ I am sure I do not know, unless it is because Gertrude *lets me and I let Gertrude*.” “ Ah ! ” replied the lady, “ that is it, she lets you and you let her ; that is the whole secret.”

3. And what a source of trouble “ *not letting* ” is among children. Every day we hear it. “ Annie, why are you crying ? ” “ Sarah will not let me have that ball.” “ Well,” Sarah says, “ she would not let me have her pencil, and I do not think she ought to have my ball.”

4. “ Shame, shame ! is that the way sisters should act towards each other ? ” “ Anyhow, she shall not have my pencil,” grumbles Annie, “ she will only lose it.”—“ And you would lose my ball,” answers Sarah, “ and I will not let you have it.”

5. And so it goes on, neither will *let* the other, and the result is continual quarrels. Rose and Gertrude have the true secret of good manners. They are kind, unselfish, always ready to oblige each other ; neither wishes to have her own way at the expense of the other, and so they are happy and cheerful.

QUESTIONS.—Why did every one love Rose and Gertrude ? Why were they always so happy together ? What is a source of trouble among children ? What is the true secret of good manners ?

LESSON X.

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| <p>3. Stā'tion-a-ry, not moving.</p> <p>3. Fūr'rōws, long, narrow cuts in the earth made by a plow; <i>cuts</i>, channels, or grooves.</p> | <p>4. Re-vōlv'ing, moving round a center; turning or rolling round on an axle; <i>turning over and over again</i>.</p> <p>4. Slāb, a thin piece of anything, especially of a stone.</p> |
|--|---|

Marbles.

PRONUNCIATION.—Say ¹re'āl, not reel; ²hware, not ware; ³fur'rows, not fur'riers; ⁴a-gēnst, not a-gaynst; Oberstein is pronounced O-ber-stine'.

1. "See, mamma!" said Tommy Glover. "See how many marbles Cousin Rob gave me! Besides these common ones there are a lot of agates, real¹ beauties! Cousin Rob says that some of them are older than I am, and that he had them when he was a little boy."

2. "They are very pretty, Tommy, and it was very good of Rob to give them to you. Do you know how they are made, or where² they come from?"—"No, mamma, I never thought of that. I suppose they grow somehow or other, do they not?"

3. "Not exactly as you understand it. The common ones come principally from Saxony, and are made of a hard stone which is first broken into blocks nearly square. One or two hundred of these are thrown into a mill, which is a flat, stationary stone with furrows³ cut on its face. A block of hard

wood of the same size is placed over the small stones, partly resting on them.

4. "This block or log is kept revolving upon the stone slab. In about fifteen minutes the stones are turned into balls, and are ready for sale as marbles. One factory, containing only three rude mills, turns out 60,000 marbles a week.

5. "Most of the agates, which are the most valuable of all marbles, come from Oberstein, in Germany. They are first chipped nearly round with a hammer, and then held against⁴ a grindstone. By moving them quickly about on the stone, the pieces are gradually ground down until they are nearly perfect balls. If an agate be held between the eye and the light, the little marks made by the grindstone can be seen dotted all over the marble."

6. "Do they make these marbles only for us, mamma, or do boys in other countries also play with them?"—"Oh, my dear, marbles are used all over the world, even among the Chinese, but I believe that more of them are sent here than to any other place."

7. "Well, mamma, I am very much obliged to you for telling me all this, but now, if you please, I will run out and 'shoot marbles' with Eddy Burns, who thinks he can shoot better than I can. Good-bye, mamma, good-bye."

and, he was dresnch

LESSON XI.

2. Spark'ling, shining.

| 2. Wēa'ry, tired.

The Little Child's Good-night.

PRONUNCIATION.— Say 'hidd'n, not hidden; be careful to pronounce the final g in words ending in ing.

The sun is hidden¹ from our sight,
The birds are sleeping sound,
'Tis time to say to all good-night,
And give a kiss all round.

The moon is lighting up the skies,
The stars are sparkling there,
'Tis time to shut our weary eyes,
And say our evening prayer.

To all my pretty flowers, good-night,
You blossom while I sleep,
And all the stars that shine so bright
With you their watches keep.

Good-night, good-night, ye merry birds,
Sleep well till morning light;
Perhaps if you could sing in words,
You would have said good-night.

Good-night, sweet mother, father dear,
Come, kiss your little son;

Good-night to friends both far and near,
stone with furrows⁴ to every one.

LESSON XII.

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|--|---|
| 2. Ad-mĭn'is-ter-ing , managing ;
<i>giving.</i>
3. Friēze , a coarse woolen cloth.
3. Chă'm'ois (shă'm'mee), a kind
of deer ; <i>soft leather made</i>
<i>from the skin of this animal.</i> | 6. Fare , the price of passage ;
<i>food.</i>
7. Con-cēal' , hide.
8. Ut'tered (ŭt'terd), gave forth ;
<i>spoke.</i> |
|--|---|

A Narrow Escape.

PRONUNCIATION.—Say ¹learn'ed, not learnd ; ²laws, not lawrs ;
³England is pronounced Ing'gland ; say ⁴im-pris'n-ment, not im-pris'-
 on-ment ; ⁵of'n, not of'ten, nor awf'tn ; ⁶soldier is pronounced sōl'jer,
 not sō'jer ; say ⁷nar'row, not nar'rer ; ⁸sār'jent, not ser'jent, nor
 ser'junt ; ⁹mar'tur, not mar'teer.

1. About the year 1735, while George II. was King of England, there lived in Neilstown, a little village of Ireland, Father John Barnewall, a holy and learned ¹ man.

2. By the laws² of England,³ in those days, to be a priest was a crime punished by imprisonment,⁴ and often⁵ by death. The minister of God had no fixed home, but went from cabin to cabin, teaching the people and administering the Sacraments, depending on the charity of his flock for food and shelter.

3. One day, as Father Barnewall was on his way to a farm-house, at which he was to say Mass, he heard the clatter of horses, and saw, at a short distance, some soldiers⁶ riding along the road. That his enemies might not know him, he was dressed

in frieze ; his vestments were in a bag thrown across his shoulder ; in his right hand was a stick, and in his left, a small chalice, fitted into a little chamois case.

4. As he knew that a friend was seldom met under the red-coat of the British soldier, the worthy priest hid behind some bushes. Fortunately, he had not been seen, and, in a short time, the soldiers rode by.

5. Father Barnewall did not dare to leave his hiding-place at once, as he feared the troopers might return, so it was near evening when he reached the house to which he was going. The farmer received him warmly ; the best seat by the fire was given him, and while the good woman of the house and her daughter prepared supper, the tired priest told the story of his narrow⁷ escape.

6. The meal was soon ready, and Father Barnewall ate the simple fare with a relish that only hunger can give. They were just about to rise from the table, when there came a hurried tramp of feet, a quick knock at the door, and the next moment a party of soldiers entered the room. "We are in search of a Popish priest," said the sergeant⁸ in command, "who, we are told, is hiding in this house."

7. The family were greatly frightened, and Father Barnewall gave himself up for lost. But the farmer, with the ready wit for which his race is famous, ^{stuttered} : "It would be easy enough for any one

to conceal himself about the place and I not know a thing about it. All I can say is, look for yourselves. Here, Lawrence," he continued, turning to the priest, "take your lantern and show the gentlemen over every inch of the place."

8. Father Barnewall picked up the lantern, like one used to obeying orders, and led the search for



himself. While seeking for the hiding-place of the priest, the soldiers uttered many threats against him and promised to make him pay well for the trouble he had caused them.

9. Of course, they found no one. As they were about to leave, the farmer said to the sergeant: "I hope, captain, you will not forget the man." The soldier felt in his pocket for a piece of money, which

he tossed to the priest, and then he and his men started on their way.

10. The farmer and his family were delighted to see the red-coats go, and all laughed heartily at the joke played on them. Some years after, good Father Barnewall, at the age of eighty, was arrested on a charge of saying Mass, and hurried off to prison. His fate is not known, but it is very probable that he died a martyr⁹ to his faith.

LESSON XIII.

3. **Pray** you, I beg you.

5. **Nũm'bered** (nũm'berd), counted.

6. **Serv'ice, action**; the deed of one who serves; office of devotion.

Few and Small.

Idle fingers, idle fingers,

Shall I find you work to do?

No, for we can do but little:

We are small and we are few.

Idle fingers, idle fingers,

Though you be but few and small,

Think you not the hand would miss you

If you were not there at all?

Idle fingers, idle fingers,

Pray you find some work to do;

Find some work and bravely try it,

Though you be so small and few.

Idle fingers, idle fingers,
Though you be so few and small,
Think you not that God will miss you
Working not for Him at all?



Idle fingers, idle fingers,
Listen what I tell you true,—
God, who every hair has numbered,
Counts you up, though small and few.

Idle fingers, idle fingers,
Though you be but few and small,
God will love your little service,
If for Him you do it all.

LESSON XIV.

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|---|---|
| 1. Hūge , very large or great ;
immense.
3. Ex-clāimed' , cried out ; <i>spoke</i>
<i>loudly</i> .
3. I'll , an abbreviation for I shall
or I will. | 4. Cried , <i>spoke loudly</i> ; uttered a
loud sound of pain or grief.
4. Re-ward' , that which is given
in return for good or evil
received.
8. De-part'ed , quit ; left. |
|---|---|

The Weight of a Prayer.

PRONUNCIATION.—Be careful to sound the d in ¹rounds ; the l is silent in ²folks ; say ³tō'urd, not to-wawrd' ; ⁴im'pē-us, not im-pi'us.

1. John Clark was the village butcher. On the marble counter of his shop stood huge rounds¹ of beef, while from the stall hung tender legs of mutton, covered with fat as white as John's apron. He was not a bad man, but was fond of saying that "folks² who want meat, should pay for it."

2. One day, as John was standing in his shop-door, a poor woman came up and begged him for a small piece of meat. "Meat, eh?" said John, "and what have you to offer for it?" — "Nothing," answered the woman. "Nothing but my prayers that you and yours may never know what it is to want for food."

3. "Prayers!" exclaimed John, "I am thinking that they will not go far towards³ paying my rent or buying cattle. But come, I'll write your prayers on a piece of paper, put it on the scale, and I promise to give you as much meat as will balance it."

4. The poor woman's face grew sad, but John, who thought it a good joke, cried: "Come, tell me what I am to write. What will your prayer be if I give you the meat?" Lifting her eyes to heaven, the woman prayed: "May our dear Lord, who has promised a reward for a cup of water given in His name, send down His choicest blessings on you and



yours in this life, and reward you eternally in the life to come."

5. John wrote as she spoke, and when she had done he threw the paper on one side of the scale, while on the other he placed a tiny bit of meat. Strange to say, the paper was the heavier! John examined the scale and could not understand it; but as his joke had put him in great good humor, he

cut off another and larger piece of meat, and added this to the little bit.

6. Still the paper weighed the most. This time, instead of being astonished, John began to be frightened; he saw the finger of God here, and picking up a great round of beef, threw it on the scale.

7. Turning to the woman, he said: "May God forgive me, good woman, for my impious⁴ words. Good fortune has hardened my heart, and made me forget that it is to God I owe all that I have. Take this meat, and when you need more, come to me and be sure you shall have what you want. In the meantime, pray for me."

8. The woman departed with a glad heart, and from that time John was never known to turn a beggar from his door.

LESSON XV.

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| <p>2. Com-pōsed' (com-pōzd'), <i>made up</i>; put together; placed in proper form; free from agitation; calm; quiet.</p> | <p>4. Ward'rōbe, a room or <i>closet</i> where clothes are kept; articles of dress.</p> |
| | <p>5. Tī'ny, very small.</p> |

A Secret in Four Letters.

PRONUNCIATION.—¹Brought is pronounced as if spelled brawt; say ² friends, not frens; ³ ty'nee, not tē'nee, nor tīn'ee.

1. Mrs. Morris, a charitable lady, once brought¹ a poor little orphan girl to her home. The children of the good lady gladly welcomed the little stranger,

and tried to make friends² with her, but she would not be comforted, and sat weeping in the hall.

2. "She will not play with us, mamma," said the children. "She will not leave the hall."—"Ah, my dears," answered their mother, "there is a secret, if you only knew it, by which you could lead her anywhere. It is composed of four letters. Try if you can find it out."

3. Regina, the oldest girl, tried first, and began to look among her prettiest playthings. "I know what it is! I know what it is!" she cried, clapping her hands. "It is d-o-l-l." So she brought out her large doll and offered it to the poor child, if she would come into the parlor. But it was no use, the child did not move.

4. Then Mary, the next in age, remembered that there are but four letters in m-u-f-f. Hurrying to her wardrobe, she took out the pretty squirrel-skin muff, which her father had given her at Christmas, and tried to coax the stranger with it. But she was no more successful than Regina had been.

5. At last, little Gracie, who had been standing near, watching the orphan child, sat down beside her. "Don't cry, little girl," she said. "Don't cry; come and play with us and be our new sister," and Gracie's tiny³ arm stole round the stranger's neck, and leaning over, she kissed her cheek. The girl looked at Gracie for a moment, and then rising, followed her into the parlor.

6. "Well, my children," said Mrs. Morris, "Gracie has found out the secret, and the four letters are L-O-V-E. With love we can lead any one. Even our Lord Himself will follow when drawn by Love."

LESSON XVI.

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| <p>1. Pro-dūc'es, exhibits; manufactures; <i>yields or furnishes</i>.</p> <p>2. Af-fōrd'ed, yielded or produced; <i>given</i>.</p> <p>2. Cōpse, a wood of small growth.</p> <p>3. Prōv'i-dence, <i>Almighty God</i>; timely care.</p> <p>3. Hūes, colors.</p> <p>4. Ex-ert', bring into active operation.</p> | <p>5. Quar'ry (kwōr'rŷ), a place where stones are cut from the earth for building or other purposes.</p> <p>7. Knōwl'edge (nōl'ej), that which is known.</p> <p>7. Or-dāined', set in order; <i>appointed</i>.</p> <p>10. Awe, great fear.</p> |
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What the Earth Produces for Man.

PRONUNCIATION.—The two e's in ¹hardened are silent; be careful to sound the t in ²gifts; ³none is pronounced nun, not nōn; sound the d in ⁴kinds; ⁵kneading is need'ing; ⁶softened is sōf'nd, and ⁷kindled is kīndl'd.

1. The earth produces food and shelter suited to the wants of the brute creation, but not to those of man.

2. Cattle find food to their taste, and fit for their support, in the grass which grows beneath their feet, while the little shelter they require is afforded them by the side of a hill, or the thinness of a copse, and so with other animals.

3. But Providence has given few things ready for the use of man, though there is much to delight his eye, in the colors of the sky, and in the shapes and hues of the trees, plants, flowers, and stones, which cover the earth.

4. It seems to have been the will of God, that man should exert and improve his reason and other powers, by fitting, for his own use, the products of the earth.

5. Tables and chairs, accordingly, do not grow out of the ground, nor blankets on the sheep's back. Bricks to build our houses, must be formed from the proper kind of earth, and hardened¹ by fire. Stones, for building or paving, must be cut out of the quarry, or the sides of a rock. Even coal must be dug and raised with great labor out of the earth.

6. Iron must be separated from the earth that is mixed with it, and exposed to heat before it can be made into pots, pokers, or spades. Our cotton dresses are formed from the soft lining of a seed pod ; our silks spun from the cocoon of a worm, and our blankets and carpets prepared from the wool on a sheep's back.

7. Knowledge, skill, and labor, are ordained by God to be the means by which we must work up His gifts.² Some men give their knowledge, others their skill, others their labor, for this purpose. Others, again, whose fathers have, or who have themselves, grown rich by their labor, skill, or

knowledge, give their money for what the knowledge, skill, or labor of others produces.

8. Of all the food we eat, none,³ excepting a few fruits, is produced in a state fit to support life. All kinds⁴ of grain, such as wheat, oats, barley, rice, require, you know, grinding, kneading,⁵ baking, or boiling; and potatoes, carrots, and almost all kinds of roots, must be cooked before they can be eaten.

9. But human skill and labor could not have fitted all these things for use—could not have softened⁶ and prepared iron, altered the shape of wood, or made grain or roots fit for food—unless one gift had been added to all these, I mean the gift of fire.

10. But man could never have found out for himself the use of fire unless he had been taught by God. He would have looked with awe on the fire of burning mountains, and on trees and dry grass kindled⁷ into flame by lightning and other causes, but he never would have ventured to trust these fearful flames, which seem only to destroy.

11. Those who live in towns, see few things as they come from their Maker's hands. The wood is now a chair; the iron, a saucepan; the tin, a tea-kettle; the wool, a blanket or a carpet, and so on.

12. But they must not forget *who* gave the materials with which these things were made; or *who* bestowed the intelligence and skill to put them together; and they can never want signs of the power and wisdom of the Creator, while they behold each other.

LESSON XVII.

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|---|---|
| 2. As-sure' , declare positively. | 5 Hē'd , an abbreviation for <i>he had</i> . |
| 3. A-trō'ciōūs , extremely wicked. | 6. Thūs , in this manner. |
| 5. Měn'tion , speak of. | 6. Re-dounds' , rolls back as a |
| 5. Sprät , a small fish. | wave ; <i>comes back</i> . |

The Three Little Dogs.

PRONUNCIATION.—¹ Worse is pronounced wûrs, not wus ; say ² for-gēt', not for-git'.

Three little dogs were talking,
As they trotted along the road,



And the subject of speech,
With all and with each,
Was, what bad folks there were abroad.

Said the first, "You would hardly believe it,
But I can assure you it's true ;
A man with a pail
Threw suds on my tail !
Now, I think that's cruel. Don't you ?"

Said the second, "That's very atrocious ;
But a worse¹ thing happened to me :
A boy with a stone
Almost broke my back-bone !
Now what think you of *that* ?" said he.

Said the third, "My fate was the hardest,
And I can prove it, just now :
A man knocked me flat,
When I looked at a cat ;
Wasn't *that* too bad ? Bow—wow !"

But the three little dogs did not mention—
The first, that he'd stolen some sprats ;
The second, that he ran
At a poor blind man ;
And the third, that he'd hunted the cats.

Thus, these three little dogs were talking,
And many small boys do the same ;
They tell of a story
What redounds to their glory,
But forget² where they well deserve blame.

LESSON XVIII.

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|---|--|
| <p>1. Steep, ascending or descending with great inclination.</p> <p>4. Foun-dā'tion, the act of fixing; <i>that on which anything stands, and by which it is supported.</i></p> | <p>5. Drift, <i>a mass of matter which has been driven or forced onward together into its present position; aim.</i></p> <p>6. Keen, sharp; piercing.</p> <p>6. Scēnt, smell; <i>the power of smelling.</i></p> |
|---|--|

Mt. Saint Bernard.

PRONUNCIATION.—¹ Mountain is pronounced mount'in, not mown'tane, nor moun'ting; say ² sūd'den-ly, not sud'n-lee, nor sud'din-lee.

1. The Alps are high mountains¹ in Switzerland, and the steep, narrow roads which lead over these mountains into Italy, are called “passes.”

2. There is always snow there, even in summer; but in the long winter season, the storms are very heavy, and the passes are then dangerous. Sometimes these storms come on suddenly,² often after a bright and pleasant morning, and the snow falls so thickly that, in a few hours, no trace of the roads is to be found.

3. Hundreds of persons have lost their lives in trying to cross these mountains during the winter, and there was no shelter for the poor traveller until about the year 962, when Saint Bernard de Menthon built a little house there.

4. From time to time additions have been made to this house, until it is now a large stone building.

The original foundation and rooms, however, still remain. The building is in care of the pious monks of St. Bernard, who give their lives to the good cause of aiding their fellow-men ; rich and poor are alike welcome, and receive food and shelter, free of charge.



5. The wind comes with great force down the mountain, and blows the snow right into the path, where it often lies in drifts from thirty to forty feet deep. Every morning, in the winter, the good monks set out with their famous dogs, and descend to the foot of the pass on both sides of the mountains, in search of travelers who may have lost their way.

6. The dogs carry food and wine strapped to their necks. It often happens that a traveler is com-

pletely hidden by the snow, and would be passed over but for the dogs whose keen scent enables them to discover human beings, and who have thus been the means of saving many lives.

7. Imagine what joy it must be to the poor, tired traveler, who has lost his way in the blinding snow and is nearly frozen, to be found by these holy men and provided with food and shelter until he is able to go on his journey again.

8. Should we not all be very thankful to these good monks, who live away from their friends and the pleasures of this world, that they may assist their suffering brethren? May God bless and prosper the pious monks of St. Bernard in their present work, as He will be sure to reward them hereafter.

LESSON XIX.

The Dog of St. Bernard's.

One stormy night, upon the Alps,
A traveler, weak and old,
Walked sadly on through ice and snow,
And shivered with the cold.

His eyes were dim with weariness,
His steps were short and slow;
At last he laid him down to sleep
Upon a bed of snow.

Before he closed his aching eyes,
 He heard a cheerful bark ;
 A faithful dog was by his side
 To guide him through the dark.

And soon beside the fire he stood,
 And earnestly he prayed
 For those who trained that noble dog,
 And sent it to his aid.

LESSON XX.

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| <p>2. Tŭn'nel, a vessel with a broad mouth at one end and a pipe or tube at the other, for conveying liquor into casks, bottles, or other vessels ; <i>an underground passage</i>.</p> | <p>3. Arched (<i>ärcht</i>), made with a curve.</p> |
| | <p>5. Bŭr'rōw-ing, hollowing out a hole to lodge in, as in the earth.</p> |
| | <p>4. Soil, dirt ; <i>earth</i>.</p> |
| | <p>4. De-vour', eat greedily ; use up.</p> |

The Mole.

PRONUNCIATION.—¹ Creature is pronounced *kreet'yur* ; say ² *ground*, not *groun'*.

1. You have, no doubt, often met with what you were told were mole-hills, but I dare say very few of you have ever seen a living Mole. Let me tell you about it. It is a little creature,¹ usually black, with downy fur as soft as the finest velvet. Formerly, its skin was much in demand for lining winter garments, and for dress-trimming, but now it is not used at all.

2. The Mole is a strange-looking creature, for its feet are just like broad, white hands; it has a sharp nose, and its eyes are so small that in olden times it was thought to be blind. But when I tell you that it lives in the ground,² where it cannot see, and that it has to make tunnels for itself in the earth, you will understand why it has such small eyes and such strong, hand-like feet.

3. The Mole has its house in the ground, and a nice, warm one too. It is always fixed under a bank, at the root of a tree, against the foundation of a wall, or in some other equally safe place. It is an arched nest, the roof being kept from falling in, by being pressed and beaten hard when it is made.

4. A road runs all around this nest inside, and just a little above it there is another in a smaller circle with four passages leading from the one to the other. The Mole's house is below this upper road, which opens into it in three places.

5. The Mole lives on worms and insects, and has to get at them by burrowing in the ground from one spot to another. Although very slow, when it comes above ground, it can run very fast along these tunnels in the earth. The mole-hills are only the soil which the creature has thrown out in making the tunnels, and show in what direction it is working underneath, in search of worms and grubs.

6. Before winter sets in, it makes places in which it

gathers a great supply of food, so that it may not starve when the cold comes. Moles ought not to be killed, for they eat a vast number of little creatures that, if not destroyed, would devour the grain and the root-plants.

LESSON XXI.

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| 1. Apt , fit ; suitable ; <i>liable</i> ;
<i>ready</i> . | 4. De-light' ed, very glad. |
| 3. De-prive' , to take away ; <i>to rob</i> . | 5. In'ter-est-ed , concerned in a
cause ; <i>pleased</i> . |

Dreaming and Doing.

PRONUNCIATION.—Say ¹ fĭg'yurs, not fig'gers ; ² swĕpt, not swep'.

1. Agnes was a dear little girl in many things, but she had one bad habit: she was too apt to waste time in dreaming of doing, instead of doing.

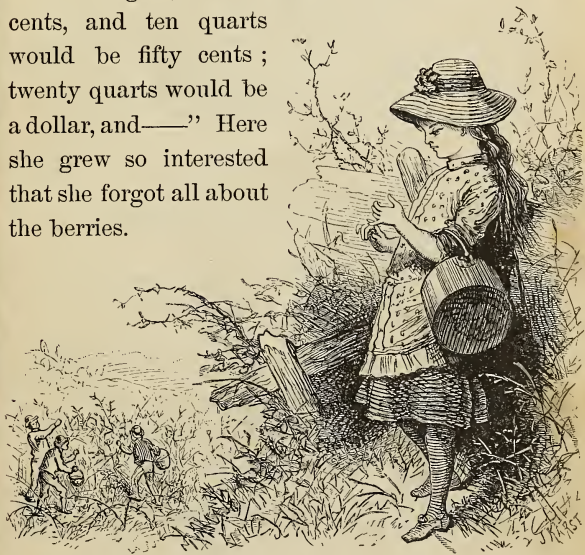
2. One day, as she was passing the village-store, where dry-goods, groceries, vegetables, and fruit were sold, Mr. Dowd, the owner, called out: "How would you like to make some money, Agnes?"

3. "Very much, indeed," she answered. "For my dear mother often has to deprive herself of things she needs, so that she may buy shoes and clothes for me."—"Well," said Mr. Dowd, "I saw some fine blackberries in Mr. Gray's field, and he said any one is welcome to them. Now if you will pick the ripest and best, I will pay you five cents a quart for them."

4. Agnes was delighted. She ran home for her

pail, and away she started for the field. When nearly there, she rested for a moment, and then thought to herself: How proud I should be, if I could make enough to buy my mother a new calico dress.

5. "Let me see," she said, beginning to count up on her fingers, "five quarts would be twenty-five cents, and ten quarts would be fifty cents; twenty quarts would be a dollar, and——" Here she grew so interested that she forgot all about the berries.



6. At last, after earning, in figures, about four dollars, she started for the field. But, alas, for her hopes! While she was dreaming away her time, some boys had been there and swept² the bushes clean. There was not a quart left.

7. All Agnes' dreams of making money by picking

berries were at an end. Slowly and sadly she went home, recalling on her way the words her teacher had often said to her, "One doer is better than a hundred dreamers."

LESSON XXII.

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| 1. Crĭsp , brittle ; having a certain degree of firmness and strength.
2. Shōd , furnished with shoes. | 3. Drēar'y , comfortless ; dismal ; gloomy.
3. Clād , clothed.
4. Cō'zy , snug ; comfortable. |
|---|--|

Out in the Street.

The white, white snow it lies in the street,
 Crisp and pleasant under the feet.
 All on the house-tops, all on the ground,
 It came and settled with never a sound.

"Oh," say the children, "the nice white snow!"
 (Children with good, warm homes, you know),
 And, "Oh, it is pleasant out in the street!"
 Say the children with well-shod feet.

But, say children who have no home :
 "It is bitterly cold now the snow has come."
 And the white, white snow looks dreary and sad
 When little children are poorly clad.

Oh ! children dear, who have cozy beds
 And cozy house-roofs over your heads,
 And thick, warm clothing and well-shod feet,
 It is bitter for some in the cold, cold street.

LESSON XXIII.

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| <p>2. Pröv'ince, <i>a portion of an empire, or state, at a distance from the capital</i>; a region which comes under the direction of any special person; one's proper duty or calling.</p> <p>2. Nŭn'ci-o (nun'shĭ-ō), a messenger; <i>an ambassador from the Pope to an emperor or king</i>.</p> <p>4. Smŭg'gler, one who brings into, or takes out of, a country goods contrary to law.</p> | <p>4. Law'less, not subject to the law of morality or society.</p> <p>4. Zēal'oŭs (zēl'us), warmly or actively engaged in behalf of an object.</p> <p>6. In-ter-cēde', to attempt to defend one by arguments or prayers.</p> <p>7. Lēague (leeg), a union of two or more parties to carry out any design.</p> <p>8. File, a row of soldiers arranged one behind another.</p> <p>8. Rēf'ŭge, shelter or protection from danger.</p> |
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Pope Leo XIII. and the Brigands.

PRONUNCIATION.—¹ Beloved is here pronounced be-luv'ed; ² Joachim Pecci is Jō'ak-ĭm Pet'chē; say ³ ōf'fis-es, not awf'fis-es; ⁴ dĭs'tric't, not dee'stric; ⁵ castles is kas'ls, not kas'tles; ⁶ Monsignor is Mong-sēn'yōre; and ⁷ Marquis, Mār'kwĭs.

1. When the beloved ¹ Pius IX. passed from this world to his reward in heaven, Cardinal Joachim Pecci ² was elected to succeed him, and took the name of Leo XIII.

2. Cardinal Pecci had held several offices ³ under the two former Popes: acting at one time as governor of a province, and at another, as nuncio at a foreign court. In 1846 he was made Bishop of Perugia, and was greatly loved by the people of that place.

3. His Holiness is a man of great learning, very mild and gentle, but very firm in what is right. There are some people who, in trying to stop confusion, only make the trouble worse. The Holy Father, in his life, gives us an example of the quiet way of dealing with matters.

4. When a young man, he was sent as governor to Benevento, a district⁴ in the Papal states, full of smugglers and banditti, as robbers are called in Italy. Other governors had failed to check these lawless men, because the nobles, to save their own property, protected the robbers. When a governor attempted to punish the wicked, these nobles, through their friends at Rome, would make false complaints against the zealous officer, and have him removed.

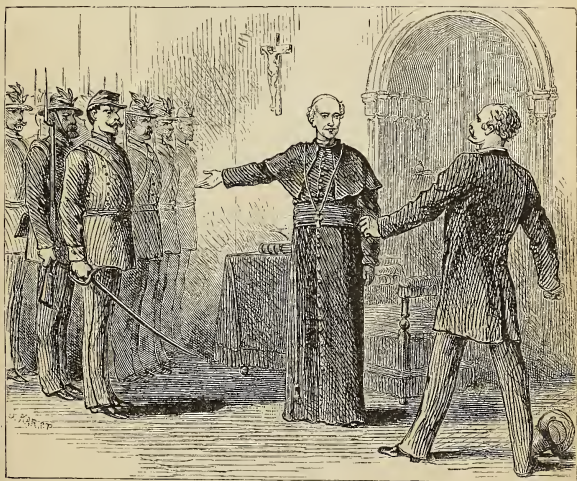
5. The new governor made no boast of what he would do, but promptly arrested the first who dared to commit a robbery. The banditti soon found that he was not to be trifled with, and they sought the protection of the nobility.

6. But the governor sent his troops even to the castles⁵ of the nobles to arrest the banditti. Then a very powerful nobleman went to Benevento to intercede for the robbers. But when he found that the governor was resolved to do his duty, he became very insulting and threatened to go at once to Rome and have him dismissed.

7. Monsignor⁶ Pecci knew that this nobleman was himself in league with the robbers, and at once

replied: "Very well, Marquis,⁷ but before you go to Rome, I sentence you to three months imprisonment and allow you nothing but black bread to eat, and nothing but water to drink."

8. This was no idle threat. At a signal, an officer entered with a file of soldiers; the fine gentleman



was arrested, tried, and sentenced. Troops were at once sent to his castle, and many of the robbers, who had taken refuge there, were killed. The rest were taken to Benevento, where they were punished for their crimes.

9. The whole territory was full of joy to see the bands of wicked men broken up by the firmness of

Monsignor Pecci. And when the nobleman left prison, he did not go to Rome to make his complaints, but slunk back to his castle.

10. As Archbishop of Perugia, Monsignor Pecci was loved for his piety and his devotion to his flock, especially to the poor and humble. All were filled with grief when his election as Pope removed him from them.

LESSON XXIV.

The House of God.

Before the winter's day had dawned,
When all about was still,
And through the close-shut window-frame
The morning air came chill,
A barefoot child passed down the street,
With cresses on her head ;
And, as her mother paused to kneel,
With wondering look she said :

“O mother ! will you tell me why,
When we pass by this way,
You fold your hands and bend your knee,
As if you stopped to pray ?
The street is still—except ourselves
No creature can I see ;
And surely to these empty walls
You would not bend the knee ?

“These are no empty walls, my child,”
The mother made reply ;
“The temple of the Lord of hosts,
We now are passing by.
I cannot see Him, but I know
That angels kneel and gaze
Around the altar, where for us
In patient love He stays.

“Great Lord, what wondrous love was Thine
To choose this poor abode !
Ah, dearest child, believe it well—
This church contains our God.”
Then child and mother bowed again
In that cold silent street,
And went once more upon their way
With shoeless, shivering feet.

LESSON XXV.

The Furrow in the Curb.

1. There was once a Spanish boy, who never seemed able to master his lessons, although he studied hard. Discouraged at his want of success, he ran away from home.

2. This was very wrong, and it was not long before the boy began to see how wickedly and foolishly he had acted.

3. Tired out with wandering, and full of anxious thoughts, he sat down to rest near a well. While sitting there, he noticed that there was a deep furrow in the stone which formed the well-curb.



4. "How came that furrow there?" he asked, of a girl who was drawing water. "Why, by the constant rubbing of the rope," she replied. "How else could it come?" The poor boy, who was already

heartily sorry for what he had done, saw in the reply a lesson from Almighty God.

5. "If," thought he, "by daily use the soft rope can thus cut into the hard stone, constant application to study will surely overcome the dullness of my brain." He at once returned home; began his studies again, more eagerly than ever, and lived to be the great St. Isidore of Spain.

LESSON XXVI.

Veer'ing, *turning*; changing direction.

Till'er, a plowman; *the rod or bar used to turn the rudder of a ship or boat.*

Spän, to measure by the hand with the fingers extended; to measure, or *reach, from one side of to the other.*

In-dit'ing, composing; *writing.*

Iron.

Iron vessels cross the ocean,
 Iron engines give them motion;
 Iron needles northward veering,
 Iron tillers vessels steering;
 Iron pipe our gas delivers,
 Iron bridges span our rivers;
 Iron pens are used for writing,
 Iron ink our thoughts inditing;
 Iron stoves for cooking victuals,
 Iron ovens, pots, and kettles;
 Iron horses draw our loads,
 Iron rails compose our roads;

Iron anchors hold in sands,
 Iron bolts, and rods, and bands ;
 Iron houses, iron walls,
 Iron cannons, iron balls ;
 Iron axes, knives, and chains,
 Iron augers, saws, and planes ;
 Iron lightning-rods on spires,
 Iron telegraphic wires ;
 Iron hammers, nails, and screws—
 Iron, everything we use.

LESSON XXVII.

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| 1. Plūm'age (ploom'aj), the feathers which cover a bird. | 3. Sīg'nal , a sign to give notice of a command or danger, to one at a distance. |
| 1. Wēbbed (wēbd), having the toes united by a thin, skin-like tissue or web. | 3. Sa-gā'cioūs , keen scented; wise. |
| 2. Prey (prā), <i>to take for food by violence ; to rob.</i> | 4. Aid , help ; assistance ; support. |

How the Chinese Fish.

1. The Chinese have strange ways of doing many things. Among others, they sometimes catch fish by means of birds trained for the purpose. The bird used for fishing, is about the size of a goose. It has gray plumage, webbed feet, and a long and very slender bill, hooked a little at the point.

2. Many other birds prey upon fish, and have the power of diving into the water ; but these Chinese

birds do so when bid, just as the hound obeys the huntsman.

3. The fishermen take these birds out to sea in a boat. At a given signal, the birds plunge into the water and dive after the fish. The moment they seize their prey, they rise to the surface and fly with it to their boat, and though there be a hundred boats



near together, the sagacious creatures always return to their own.

4. The boat is soon filled, when the fish are plentiful. The birds often carry in their bills fishes that we would think too large for their strength. But when, as sometimes happens, a fish is too large for a single bird to manage, one of the others will fly to its aid.

5. These birds live on fish, but while they are fishing, they are prevented from eating by a ring passed round their necks in such a manner that they can hold, but cannot swallow what they catch.

LESSON XXVIII.

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| 1. Ma-tē'ri-als , the substances or matters of which anything is made or is to be made. | 6. Smēlt'ers , those who melt ore to get the metal from it. |
| 3. Anx'ioŭs (ānk'shus), greatly concerned ; desirous. | 7. Tānned (tānd), made into leather. |
| 3. Ea'ger (ē'ger), excited by desire. | 7. Quar'ried (kwōr'rēd), dug or taken out from a quarry. |
| 4. Us'ū-al (yu'zhu-al), <i>ordinary</i> ; in use. | 9. Cōll'iers (kōl'yers), diggers of coal. |
| 4. Dīs-ap-point'ed , defeated of hope. | 10. Card , to comb with an instrument called a card, used for combing wool or flax. |
| 6. Hār'rōwed , broken up with an instrument called a harrow, which has iron or wooden teeth. | 10. Looms , frames or machines on which cloth is formed out of thread. |
| 6. Rēaped (reepd), cut with a hooked instrument with teeth, called a sickle. | 11. Con-sīd'er , think seriously or carefully. |

The Wonderful Pudding.

1. Aunt Fanny one day invited Willy and Mary to dinner. She said she would give them a pudding the materials of which had given work to more than a thousand men !

2. "A pudding that has taken a thousand men to make!" said they, "why, it must be as large as a church!"—"Well, come to my house to-morrow," said Aunt Fanny, "and I promise you that you shall see it."

3. The next day they were off, bright and early, for their Aunt's house. When they reached there, they were much surprised to find everything quiet. They were very anxious for dinner, but when it was ready, they ate very little, so eager were they to see the wonderful pudding.

4. At last all were done, the plates were removed, and in came the pudding. It was a plum-pudding of the usual kind—not a bit larger. "Why, that is not the pudding you promised us, is it?" asked Willy, in a disappointed tone of voice.

5. "That is the very pudding," answered Aunt Fanny.—"O, Aunt! you do not mean to say that it took more than a thousand men to make that?" said Willy.—"Eat some of it first," Aunt Fanny replied, "and then take your slate and pencil and help me to count the workmen."

6. "Now," she continued, when dinner was over, "to make this pudding we must first have flour. Please count how many people must have worked to get that. The ground had to be ploughed, and sowed, and harrowed, and reaped. To make the plough, miners, smelters, and smiths, wood-cutters, and carpenters had to help.

7. "The skins of which the horses' harness is made, had to be tanned and prepared for the harness-maker. Then, there are the builders of the mill, and the men who quarried the stone, and made the machinery of the mill.

8. Then, think of the plums, the lemon-peel, the spices, and the sugar. All these come from a distance ; some of them, from countries afar off, and to bring them here, ships, ship-builders, sail-makers, sailors, merchants, and grocers had to be employed.

9. "Then we need eggs, milk, and suet."—"O stop, stop, Aunty!" cried Willy, "I am sure you have counted a thousand."—"If I have, I have not yet counted all," she said. "We must still cook the pudding, and for this we must count the colliers, who bring us the coal, and the miners, who dig for tin and iron for the sauce-pan.

10. "Then there is the cloth in which the pudding was wrapped. For this we need people to grow the cotton and gather it and card it and spin it and weave it, besides all the workmen who make the looms and other machines.

11. "So you see, my dears, that it is not too much to say that it took a thousand persons to make the pudding. And if you will only stop to consider it, you will find that the most common things we use, even a pin, take about as many."

LESSON XXIX.

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| <p>1. Ex'ile (ěks'il), a person forced to leave his home.</p> <p>1. Sī-be'rĭ-a, a country in the north of Asia, belonging to Russia.</p> <p>1. Re-sōlved', formed a fixed purpose; determined.</p> <p>1. St. Pē'ters-burg, the capital of Russia.</p> <p>1. Czar (zār), the Emperor of Russia.</p> | <p>3. Un-der-tāke', attempt; begin to perform.</p> <p>3. Vast, of great extent; very large.</p> <p>4. Hard'ships, those things which are hard to bear.</p> <p>4. Thick'et, a collection of trees or shrubs closely set.</p> <p>4. Spurned, <i>treated with contempt or scorn</i>; kicked.</p> |
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The Heroic¹ Daughter.

PRONUNCIATION.—Say 'he-rō'ic, not hěr'o-ic; ²captain is pronounced kăp'tin; ³Russian is Rŭsh'an; ⁴instead is in-stěd', not in-stid'.

1. A captain² in the Russian³ army, who had been sent as an exile for life to a small village in the north of Siberia, had a daughter named Prascovia. She saw how unhappy her father and mother were, and she resolved to go to St. Petersburg herself, and ask the Czar to pardon her father.

2. She told her father her plan, but he only laughed at her; and her mother bid her mind her work instead⁴ of talking nonsense. But Prascovia was not to be turned from her purpose; and after waiting patiently for three years, her father at last agreed to let her go.

3. It was a terrible journey for a girl of eighteen

to undertake alone. She had to travel on foot for hundreds of miles, through vast forests and across dreary snow-covered plains. She had no clothes with her, except the faded ones which she wore ; all that she had in her pocket was a single silver rouble,



worth about seventy-five cents ; but she had a brave heart, a firm trust in God.

4. She met with great hardships and dangers on her travels. Once she was caught in a furious storm, at the end of a long day's journey, and had to take refuge from the wind and rain, in a thicket by the

wayside. This gave her shelter for a time ; but, long before morning she was wet to the skin.

5. At another time, she feared that the people with whom she lodged, were about to murder her, for the sake of the money which they thought she had. It was only when they found that she had but a few coppers in her purse, that they let her go unharmed.

6. She was often driven from the doors of the rich as a beggar and a cheat. She was spurned by those who should have known better, hooted at by thoughtless boys, and even attacked by dogs.

LESSON XXX.

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| 2. Mis-hăp' , accident ; misfortune ; ill luck. | 3. Sěn'a-tors , members of a council, having a share or voice in the government. |
| 2. Barge , a large, roomy boat, used for carrying passengers or goods. | 5. Fil'ial (fil'yal), becoming a child in relation to his or her parents. |
| 3. Pe-tĩ'tion (pe-tĩsh'un), prayer ; begging ; request. | 6. He-rō'ic , brave ; daring ; <i>noble</i> . |

The Heroic Daughter. Concluded.

1. Before her journey was half done, winter overtook her ; but some carriers, whom she met, were very kind to her. When her cheek was frost-bitten, they rubbed it with snow ; by turns, they lent her their fur coats, to keep her from freezing ; and took every possible care of her.

2. Her next mishap was to tumble out of a barge into a river. This so affected her health, that she could not continue her journey, but was obliged to rest for some months at a convent, where the nuns were very kind to her.

3. At last, after a journey of eighteen months, she reached St. Petersburg. She stood day after day for a fortnight on the steps of the Senate-house, holding out a petition to the senators, but without success.

4. After many failures, she was fortunate enough to find friends who were able to take her to the Czar; he was very kind to her, and promised that her father's case should be looked into. The result was, that her father was pardoned, and allowed to return with his wife from Siberia.

5. When the Czar, touched by her filial love, asked Prascovia if she had anything to ask for herself, she replied that she would feel quite satisfied if he would pardon two old gentlemen, who were also in exile, and had been kind to her. Her request was at once granted.

6. Very touching was the meeting between the heroic daughter and her parents. When she came into their presence, they fell on their knees, to thank her; but she exclaimed, "It is God that we have to thank for your deliverance!"

7. But Prascovia's health had been completely broken. She bought her parents' freedom with her own life. One morning, a few months afterwards,

when the nuns, with whom she lived, went into her room, they found her with her hands clasped, quietly sleeping her last long sleep.

LESSON XXXI.

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| 1. Wouldn't , abbreviation for
<i>would not</i> . | 3. E'vil - bōd'ed, foreshowing
evil. |
| 2. Flūr'ried (flūr'rēd), excited or
alarmed. | 3. Gōad'ed , excited ; irritated.
3. Mīre , deep mud. |

A Lie.

First, somebody told it,
 Then the room wouldn't hold it,
 So, the busy tongues rolled it
 Till they got it outside.
 Then the crowd came across it,
 And never once lost it,
 But tossed it, and tossed it,
 Till it grew long and wide.

This lie brought forth others,
 Dark sisters and brothers,
 And fathers and mothers —
 A terrible crew ;
 And while headlong they hurried,
 The people they flurried
 And troubled and worried,
 As lies always do.

And so, evil-boded,
 This monstrous lie goaded
 Till, at last, it exploded
 In smoke and in shame;
 While, from mud and from mire,
 The pieces flew higher,
 And hit the sad liar,
 And killed his good name.



LESSON XXXII

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| 1. Di' nar , a Persian piece of money of trifling value. | 6. Nō' ble , <i>honorable</i> ; worthy; great. |
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The Boy and the Robber.

1. A poor Persian woman had an only son. When the boy was old enough to earn his living, his mother gave him forty dinars from her hard-earned savings, and making him promise never to tell a lie, bid him go forth to seek his fortune.

2. The boy started out in fine spirits, but while passing along a lonely mountain road, was stopped by robbers. "What money have you?" asked one fellow. "There are forty dinars sewed in the lining of my coat," answered the lad.

3. The man laughed, thinking that the boy jested. Again the question was asked, but still the same

answer. Then the robber led his prisoner to the captain of the band, and once more the question was repeated.

4. "Twice have I said that there are forty dinars in the lining of my coat," replied the lad. Whereupon the captain ordered the coat to be ripped open, and the money was found.



5. "How came you to tell me of this?" inquired the captain. "Because," answered the lad, "I promised my mother never to tell a lie, and I cannot be false to her."

6. The robber was surprised, but at length said: "You are a noble boy to be so true to your mother, to whom, no doubt, you owe much; but what a

wretch am I to prove so false to the duty I owe to God, who has done so much more for me."

7. His heart was touched, and he resolved, from that moment, to lead an honest life; and, as far as lay in his power, to make amends for his past misdeeds.

LESSON XXXIII.

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| 1. Trüdġ'ing , going on foot; jogging along; <i>traveling wearily</i> . | 1. Bur'den , load; that which is borne with labor or difficulty. |
| 1. Brüş'wood , a thicket of small trees; <i>small branches of trees cut off</i> . | 1. Sup-ply' , furnish with what is wanted. |
| | 3. Re-sūme' , take back; <i>begin again</i> . |

Help.

1. An old man was trudging along with a heavy load of brush-wood, which he was trying to carry to his cottage, where his little grandchildren were anxiously awaiting his return. But his strength gave way, and he sank on the ground, beside his burden. "Oh!" he cried out, "is there no one to help me? My children are cold and hungry, and I am not able to supply their wants."

2. A young man passing by, heard the cry for help, and coming up, said: "Do not worry about your burden, my friend; I will help you. But, first, let us rest, while we eat something." He spread out

bread, meat, and wine, and sitting down, they both ate and drank.

3. When the meal was finished, they prepared to resume their journeys, and the young man bidding his companion good-by, went his way. The old man stood surprised and disappointed, for he expected that the other would help him with his load. With a heavy heart he stooped to lift it, when—wonderful to relate!—he found that he could carry it with ease. The food he had received gave him strength to go on with his work.

4. So it is with the grace of God. It does not take from us the burden of life, but gives us strength to bear it.



LESSON XXXIV.

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| <p>2. Glōw'ing, shining with a great heat ; <i>bright</i>.</p> | <p>6. För'ests, large tracts of land covered with trees.</p> |
| <p>3. Es-tâte', <i>position or rank in life</i> ; property which a person possesses.</p> | <p>6. Rūsh'es, plants which grow in wet ground.</p> |

The Creation.

All things bright and beautiful,
 All creatures, great and small,
 All things wise and wonderful,
 The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky ;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the forests,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day ;

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips, that we might tell
How great is God in heaven
Who made all things so well !

LESSON XXXV.

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| <p>4. Glare, a bright, dazzling light.</p> <p>4. Grüff, harsh.</p> <p>6. Höld, that part of a vessel between the decks, wherein the cargo is stowed.</p> <p>6. Urged (urgd), tried to persuade.</p> <p>7. Group, <i>crowd</i> ; an assemblage of persons or things.</p> <p>7. Dän'gled (dang'gld), hung loosely or with a swinging motion.</p> | <p>7. Yard'arm, either half of the long, slender piece of timber, suspended upon the mast of a vessel, by which a sail is extended.</p> <p>10. Söbs, sighs, or catching of the breath in sorrow.</p> <p>11. Prëssed (prëssd), squeezed ; hugged ; <i>forced</i>.</p> <p>11. Cön'fi-dence, that in which faith is put ; trust.</p> |
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A Little Hero.

PRONUNCIATION.—¹ Quay is pronounced kee ; say ² first, not fust ; ³ scärce'ly, not skurs'lee.

1. When Hugh Kearney's father died, the boy had no one left but his sister Ann, and she was in America. Hugh was only ten years old, but he made up his mind to leave Ireland and go to New York.

2. It was a long journey to undertake, especially without money, but, bidding good-by to kind Father Mallon and the neighbors, the boy started for Queens-town. When he reached that city, he made his way at once to the docks, or quays,¹ as they are there called.

3. The first² thing to attract his attention was a large steamship. Here was his chance, he thought, and he went aboard. All was confusion, and no one

noticed the boy. Hugh walked about in search of the captain, or some one to whom he might apply for employment, and after a while, found himself between the decks, among a lot of boxes and bales. Tired out, he sat down to rest, and soon fell asleep.

4. Suddenly he was awakened by the glare of a lantern in his face and a gruff voice asking: "What are you doing here?" At first, Hugh was so confused he could scarcely³ answer; but, after a moment or two, he explained how he had fallen asleep. Taking him by the hand, the man led him on deck, where Hugh was surprised to find that they were many miles out at sea.

5. The mate was called, to whom Hugh repeated his story; but the steamship company had been cheated so often by those whom the crew had aided to conceal themselves and steal a passage across the ocean, that the officer refused to believe the boy.

6. Hugh was ordered to the hold of the vessel, there to be kept on bread and water. For three or four days the child was urged to change his story, or, at least, admit that some of the sailors had hidden him away. But his only answer was: "I have told you the truth, and what more can I do?"

7. At last Hugh was called to the upper deck. There he found a group of passengers and the mate with several of the crew. From a pulley dangled

a rope. "Now then, youngster," said the mate, "I shall give you one more chance, and if in ten minutes you do not tell me how you came aboard this ship, I will hang you from that yard-arm."

8. He meant only to frighten the boy, but Hugh took it all in earnest. He looked at the mate, who stood with his watch in his hand, and at the others



gathered around, but could not see a friendly face. Then he thought of his dear, dead father and mother and of the lessons they had taught him. "What can I do?" he sighed to himself. "If I lie I shall offend Almighty God, and that I will not do; but yet it is very hard to die, and I such a little fellow."

9. "Only five minutes more," shouted the mate. Hugh dropped on his knees and blessed himself.

“O Father of Mercy!” he cried, “look down and pity a poor orphan. Blessed Mother of God, intercede for me. All ye holy Angels and Saints pray for me,” and then, in a voice choked with tears, the brave little fellow began the Our Father.

10. Sobs burst from the passengers, and even the rough sailors turned aside to wipe their eyes. For a moment the mate grew pale, and then springing forward, he clasped the child in his arms. “God forgive me for such a cruel joke,” he said. “You are a noble little fellow, and I would rather die than harm a hair of your head.”

11. The passengers gathered round, and before Hugh could understand the reason for this sudden change, more money was pressed on him than he had ever seen in his life. From that time everything went well with him. His simple piety and faith in God had touched all hearts and made him many friends. When he reached New York, the mate helped him to find his sister, and procured him a situation where his honesty and manliness won for him the confidence of his employers.

QUESTIONS.—How did it happen that the boy was carried off to sea? How was he treated when discovered? How did he act? What effect did his conduct have on the passengers and the mate?

LESSON XXXVI.

The Buckwheat.

1. Once upon a time, there was a field of Buckwheat, and this field was exactly opposite to an old Willow-tree. The Buckwheat did not bend at all, but stood proudly up.

2. "I'm as rich as any Corn-ear," said the Buckwheat, "and I'm much more handsome; my flowers are as beautiful as the blossoms of the Apple-tree. Do you know anything more splendid than I am, you old Willow-tree?" The Willow only nodded his head; but the Buckwheat spread himself out, and said: "The stupid tree! he is so old that the grass grows round his body."

3. Now a terrible storm came on. All the field-flowers folded their leaves together, or bowed their little heads, while the storm passed over them; but the Buckwheat stood erect in his pride.

4. "Bend your head, as we do," said the Flowers.—"I've not the slightest cause to do so," replied the Buckwheat.—"Bend your head, as we do," cried the Wheat and Corn. "The storm has wings that reach from the clouds down to the earth, and he will destroy you before you can cry for mercy."—"Yes, but I will not bend," answered the Buckwheat.

5. "Shut up your flowers and bend your leaves," said the old Willow-tree. "Don't look up at the lightning; even men do not do that; the light dazzles

them ; and what would happen to us if we dared do so—we that are only plants, and much less worthy than they !” — “ Much less worthy !” cried the Buckwheat. “ Now, I’ll look straight up into heaven.” In his pride he did so. It was as if the whole world were on fire, so vivid was the lightning.

6. When the storm had passed by, the Flowers and Grain-fields stood in the still, pure air, quite refreshed ; but the Buckwheat was burned coal-black by the lightning, and was as dead wheat upon the field !

7. The branches of the old Willow-tree waved in the sunlight, and great drops of water fell down out of the green leaves, just as if the tree wept. The Sparrows asked : “ Why do you weep ? Everything is so cheerful. See how the sun shines ! See how the clouds sail on ! Why do you weep, Willow-tree ? ” And the old tree told them of the pride of the Buckwheat—of his vainglory, and of the punishment that had followed his sin.

To all the world I give my hand,
My HEART I give my native land,
I seek her good, her glory ;
I honor every nation’s name,
Respect their fortune and their fame,
But LOVE the land that bore me.

LESSON XXXVII.

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| <p>1. Stā'tioned (stā'shund), placed ; appointed to keep possession.</p> <p>1. Wēalth'y, rich.</p> <p>1. Crīp'ple (krīp'l), one who has lost, or never enjoyed, the use of his limbs.</p> <p>1. Oc'cu-py, <i>keep for use ; employ ; use.</i></p> <p>2. Rēs'cūe, free from confinement, violence, danger, or evil ; <i>free.</i></p> | <p>2. Mānned (mānd), supplied with men.</p> <p>2. Crāsh'ing, breaking and falling at once.</p> <p>5. Grāpe'-shōt, a number of iron balls, usually nine, fastened together.</p> <p>8. Plūnged, thrown or driven.</p> <p>10. Ex-haust'ed (egz-hawst'ed), spent ; consumed ; <i>tired out.</i></p> <p>11. Fā'moūs, celebrated ; noted.</p> |
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The Girl who saved the General.

PRONUNCIATION.—Remember that ¹news is pronounced nūse, not nōose ; and ²none, nūn, not nōne ; ³once is wūns, not wunst.

1. In the spring of 1779, the British troops stationed on John's Island, near Charleston, seized "Peaceful Retreat," the home of Robert Gibbes, a wealthy American. Mr. Gibbes, who was a cripple, and unable to walk, was held as a prisoner, together with his family ; but they were allowed to occupy the upper story of their house.

2. When this news¹ reached the Americans at Charleston, they determined to retake the place and rescue their friends. Two large boats were manned and fitted up, and at dead of night, sailed noiselessly up the Stono River. The first notice the British had of their approach was from a shot which went crashing through their camp.

3. In the confusion which followed, the prisoners escaped. Mr. Gibbes, carried in a chair by two servants and attended by his wife, went ahead, while Mary, the eldest daughter, a girl about thirteen, followed with the children.

4. The night was dark as pitch, and a cold rain was falling. None² of the party was warmly dressed, but little Mary suffered most, as she was obliged to carry one or the other of the smaller children nearly all the time, and the mud was very deep.

5. Suddenly a ball came crashing by! Then a charge of grape-shot cut the boughs overhead. It was plain they had taken the most dangerous direction, but it was now too late to turn back. The frightened family hurried on through mud and rain, and at last reached a house where some field-hands lived. They were more than a mile from their own home, and as no shot had come that way, Mr. Gibbes decided to remain there.

6. When they were once³ more under shelter, they began to look about them. Suddenly Mary started from the chair on which she was resting, and cried out: "O, mother! mother! Johnny is left behind." And so it proved; little Johnny, the orphan-baby of Mr. Gibbes' dead sister, had been forgotten in the hurry of the escape.

7. The other children began to cry, but Mr. Gibbes ordered them to be quiet. "Who will go back for the baby?" he asked, looking at the servants. No

one answered. As he turned to speak to his wife, Mr. Gibbes saw Mary kneeling by a chair. In a moment she rose, and going up to her mother, said : "I will go back for Johnny. Do not say that I can not, for I must go. God will protect me."

8. One kiss to her father and mother and the brave girl was off. The rain had stopped, but the night



was still dark, and through the trees the flashes of the cannon could be seen. Yet on she went. A ball plunged into the ground beside her and spattered her with mud, but even that did not discourage her.

9. At last she reached the house. She ran to the room where the baby usually slept. The bed was empty! Mary hurried from room to room. Suddenly she remembered that this night Johnny had

been given to another nurse. She ran up stairs, and as she pushed open the door of a room, found the little fellow sitting up in bed.

10. With tears streaming down her cheeks, Mary caught him up, and, after kissing him, wrapped him up warmly, rushed down stairs, and was soon once more out into the darkness, with Johnny pressed tightly to her brave young heart. In safety she reached the house, and placing the baby on her mother's lap, fell exhausted to the floor.

11. The little boy, thus saved by a brave girl, afterwards became General Fenwick, famous in the war of 1812.

LESSON XXXVIII.

1. **There's**, there is.

1. **Prānks**, merry tricks.

1. **Can't**, cannot.

1. **Hē's**, he is.

2. **Sōng**, *poetry*; words set to music.

3. **Re-hears'ing**, repeating; *tell-
ing*.

7. **Dōn't**, do not.

7. **Sūm'mon**, call to appear.

7. **Cūl'prit**, a person accused of a crime.

"Somebody."

There's a meddlesome "Somebody" going about,
And playing his pranks, but we can't find him out;
He's up stairs and down stairs from morning till
night,
And always in mischief, but never in sight.

The rogues I have read of in song or in tale,
Are caught at the end, and conducted to jail ;
But "Somebody's" tracks are all covered so well
He never has seen the inside of a cell.

Our young folks at home, at all seasons and times,
Are rehearsing the roll of "Somebody's" crimes ;
Or, fast as their feet and their tongues can well run,
Come to tell the last deed the sly scamp has done.

" 'Somebody' has taken my knife," one will say ;
" 'Somebody' has carried my pencil away ;"
" 'Somebody' has gone and thrown down all the
blocks ;"

" 'Somebody' ate up all the cakes in the box."

It is "Somebody" breaks all the pitchers and plates,
And hides the boys' sleds, and runs off with their
skates,

And turns on the water, and tumbles the beds,
And steals all the pins, and melts all the dolls'
heads.

One night a dull sound like the thump of a head
Announced that one youngster was out of his bed ;
And he said, half asleep, when asked what it meant,
" 'Somebody' is pushing me out of the tent !"

Now, if these high crimes of "Somebody" don't
cease,

We must summon in the detective police ;

And they, in their wisdom, at once will make known,
The culprit belongs to no house but our own.

Then should it turn out, after all, to be true,
That our young folks themselves are "Somebody"
too,

How queer it would look, if we saw them all go
Marched off to the station-house, six in a row !

LESSON XXXIX.

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| <p>1. Civ'il-ized, instructed in arts, learning, and civil manners.</p> <p>2. Pro-vīs'ion, <i>preparation in advance</i> ; any kind of eatables collected.</p> <p>3. Nōv'ice, one who is new in any business ; <i>one of a religious community who has not yet taken the vows</i>.</p> <p>5. Greet'ings, expressions of kindness or joy.</p> <p>5. Dāin'ties, nice or delicious articles of food.</p> | <p>6. Ac-com'pan-ied, went with.</p> <p>7. Short' com' ings (kūm' ings), neglect of, or failure in, performance of duties.</p> <p>8. Drēssed (drēssd), treated with remedies.</p> <p>9. Pro - vīd' ed, prepared ; furnished ; supplied.</p> <p>9. Re - proved' (re - prōovd'), blamed in such a manner as to correct the offending person.</p> |
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The Slave of the Slaves.

PRONUNCIATION.—Be careful to sound the *t* in ¹amongst ; ²cruel is pronounced krōō'el, not krū'el ; say ³ōff, not awf ; remember that ⁴were is wer, not ware ; ⁵apostle is pronounced a-pōs'l, not a-post'l, nor a-paws'l ; ⁶sacrifices is sāk'rī-fises, not sāl'krīfis-es.

1. Many years ago, when human slavery was common, even amongst¹ civilized nations, cruel² men visited the coast of Africa, and carrying off³ the

inhabitants by force, brought them to America, where they were⁴ sold. At other times, these slave-traders bought from the savage African chiefs the prisoners taken in war, and these, too, were brought to our shores.

2. Of course this buying and selling of human beings caused great suffering. The negroes were often overworked, badly clothed, and poorly fed. Hardly any provision was made for their old age; but, worst of all, they received no religious instruction. Their masters took some care of their bodies, but there was no one to look after the souls of the poor creatures, until God raised up a holy man who became the Apostle⁵ of the Slaves.

3. This was Peter Claver, who was born at Verdun in Spain, in 1581. He was the son of noble, and what is of greater importance, pious parents. He joined the Society of Jesus, and while yet a novice, begged that he might be sent to America to devote his life to the unfortunate negroes.

4. His request being granted, he sailed for Cartagena, the great slave-market of the West Indies. He was ordained after his arrival in America, and at once began his noble work.

5. As soon as a slave-ship arrived, Peter hurried on board to meet the unhappy blacks. He received them with great kindness, and, after the first greetings, supplied them with biscuit, lemons, and other dainties, and spoke to them consoling and encour-

aging words. In this way, he soon won their confidence.

6. When the time came for them to leave the vessel, Peter helped them out, carried the sick in his arms, and placed them in a wagon which he had waiting. The others he accompanied to their new homes, begged their masters to treat them kindly, and left with a promise to see them soon again.

7. Afterwards he instructed the ignorant in the truths of Religion. Nothing discouraged him, neither the dull stupidity of some, nor the rough, coarse ways of others. Day after day the holy man carried hope and comfort to the low-spirited, or obtained, from their masters, pardon for the shortcomings of others.

8. When not thus occupied, his time was spent in the hospitals, where he watched at the bedside of the sick, dressed their wounds, and waited on them as their slave ; in fact, he called himself the Slave of the Slaves.

9. On Sundays and holidays he gathered together those who were well into an open square, where he had put up an altar and provided benches and matting for the comfort of these wretched people. It is no wonder that Peter gained the love of the poor negroes. If they lived piously, to encourage them, he made them little presents ; if, on the contrary, they did wrong, he reproved them. In this way did he win these ignorant people to God, and, it is said that

during his life he converted and baptized no less than 40,000 of them.

10. Amid such labors and sacrifices⁶ the holy man spent thirty-six years. At last he fell sick, and though unable to say Mass, he received Holy Communion daily, and in his own room, heard the Confessions of the slaves. Four years were thus passed on a sick-bed, when, at last, on the 8th of September, 1654, he was called to his reward in heaven.

LESSON XL.

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| 1. Wheel'ing, turning. | 5. Grăp'ple (grăp' pl), lay fast hold on. |
| 3. Wēap'ons (wēp' ns), instruments for fighting with. | 5. O'dor, smell. |
| 3. Fōr'eign (fōr'in), far away; not of one's country. | 5. Măn'gled (măng'gld), cut and bruised. |
| 3. Strūg'gle (strūg'gl), use great efforts. | 5. Strew (stru), are scattered about. |

Ants and their Wars.

1. A nest of Ants is like a regiment of soldiers; all understand their duties and the order of march. They never fear danger, but advance in order of battle, those in the front rank wheeling round every few minutes to make room for others to come forward in their places.

2. Thousands may sometimes be seen pouring forth from two different nests, and though they occupy only two or three square feet, yet the picture

they present is much like a field of battle on which men are fighting.

3. Ants, like men, have different kinds of weapons. There are many kinds of Ants in foreign countries that have stings in their tails, but our common Ants have only large nippers, with which they bite. When two Ants come to close quarters, they seize each other with their nippers, and when they have hooked themselves on to each other, they struggle till the weaker is dragged away. Sometimes a third one will come up, seize his companion, and so help him to pull away the other, but they will allow themselves to be torn to pieces rather than let go their hold.

4. Some kinds of Ants will attack others that are twice as large as themselves, trusting to their greater numbers, and going two against one. In these battles, when the strength of the two soldiers is equal, they will tug away at each other, and, each squeezing his enemy, will roll in the dust, and lie till others come to help them. Sometimes six or eight may be seen tugging in a chain on each side, pulling with all their might till more come up on one side than on the other, then the weaker are dragged away.

5. But they have other weapons beside. When two Ants grapple, they raise themselves on their legs, and squirt from their bodies a poison, called formic acid, against the face of their foe. Thousands of Ants may be seen in battle shooting at one an-

other this poison, which has a strong odor, and is as destructive to them as gunpowder is to us. When they see their enemies, but cannot reach them, they stand up on their hind feet, and, with all their might, shoot some of this acid at the foe. After the battle, thousands of dead and mangled insects strew the ground, but far more are led away as prisoners.

LESSON XLI.

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| <p>1. Ti'dy-ing, putting in order.</p> <p>1. Söbbed (söbd), cried sorrowfully.</p> <p>2. Knöt (nöt), group; <i>crowd</i>.</p> <p>4. Mur'mured (mer'murd), spoke in a low voice.</p> <p>5. Un-räv'el (un-räv'l), loosen out threads that are knit.</p> | <p>6. As-sur'ing (as-shure'ing), making free from care.</p> <p>7. De-scěnt, the act of coming down.</p> <p>7. En-cir'cled (en-sir'kld), inclosed within a ring; hence, <i>embraced</i>.</p> |
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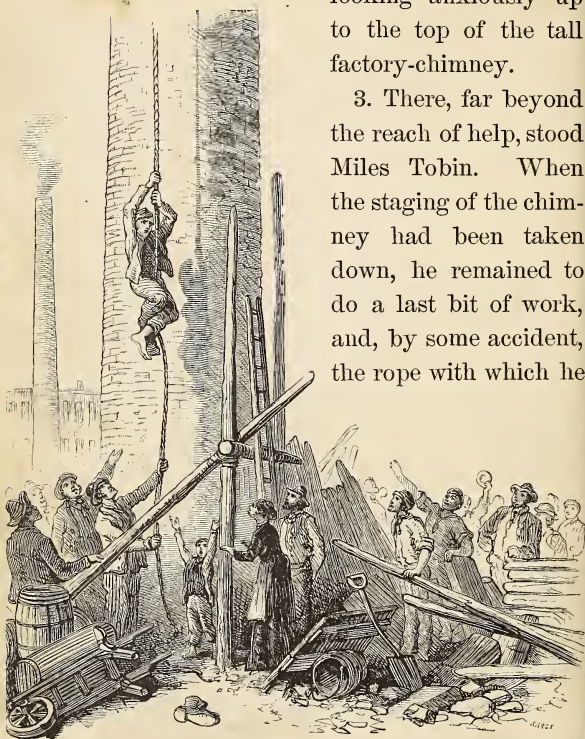
The Value of a Stocking.

1. Mrs. Tobin was busy tidying up her rooms for Sunday, when her little Willie ran in, crying as if his heart would break. "Oh, mother, mother!" he sobbed, "Father is on the top of the chimney, and cannot get down." She understood it all in a moment, and laying aside her broom, she hurried off, without waiting to put on her bonnet.

2. How to save her husband, was the one thought in her mind, as she flew, rather than ran, to the factory where Miles Tobin was at work. When

she reached the place, a knot of workmen were talking earnestly together, and every now and then looking anxiously up to the top of the tall factory-chimney.

3. There, far beyond the reach of help, stood Miles Tobin. When the staging of the chimney had been taken down, he remained to do a last bit of work, and, by some accident, the rope with which he



was to let himself down, had slipped and fallen to the ground.

4. As Ellen Tobin looked up to where her husband was standing, her heart sank within her. Then her

mind rose in prayer to God. "O Divine Saviour," she murmured to herself, "for the sake of thy Blessed Mother, help me in this my hour of trouble!"

5. Suddenly her face brightened, and then in a clear, steady voice, she said: "Miles, dear, unravel one of your stockings; tie a piece of mortar to the yarn and let it down to me." Those who were watching, saw him unlace his shoe and throw it down. Then his stocking was pulled off and raveled out; a bit of mortar was tied to the yarn, which was carefully lowered to the ground.

6. In the meanwhile, a ball of twine had been brought, and to one end of this Mrs. Tobin tied the yarn. "Now haul up slowly and carefully," she called out, "and let me know when you have the twine." In a few minutes, from the chimney-top, came the assuring cry, "All right!" Then the twine was tied securely to the rope, which was in turn hauled up.

7. "I am all right now," shouted Miles, as he fastened the rope to the chimney, and began his descent. Anxiously the crowd below watched him; but not until he was safe on the ground, and encircled by the loving arms of his wife and little Willie, did they dare to cheer. Then the workmen pressed round to shake his hand and to praise Ellen; but she, turning to them, with her eyes lifted to heaven, said: "Not to me, but to Almighty God let all praise and thanks be given; for he has remembered his servants this day."

LESSON XLII.

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| 1. 'Tis, it is. | 2. Striv'ing, laboring hard. |
| 2. 'Twas, it was. | 4. Be-fall', happen. |
| 2. Drive the wolf from the door,
keep from starving. | 8. Răpt'ūre (răpt'yūr), extreme
joy ; bliss. |

Piccola.

Poor, sweet Piccola ! Did you hear
 What happened to Piccola, children dear ?
 'Tis seldom Fortune such favor grants
 As fell to this little maid of France.

'Twas Christmas-time, and her parents poor
 Could hardly drive the wolf from the door,
 Striving with poverty's patient pain
 Only to live till summer again.

No gifts for Piccola ! Sad were they
 When dawned the morning of Christmas-day ;
 Their little darling no joy might stir,
 St. Nicholas nothing would bring to her !

But Piccola never doubted at all
 That something beautiful must befall
 Every child upon Christmas-day,
 And so she slept till the dawn was gray.

And full of faith, when at last she woke,
 She stole to her shoe as the morning broke ;

Such sounds of gladness filled all the air,
'Twas plain St. Nicholas had been there !

In rushed Piccola sweet, half wild—
Never was seen such a joyful child.
“ See what the good Saint brought ! ” she cried,
And mother and father must peep inside.



Now such a story who ever heard ?
There was a little shivering bird !
A sparrow, that in at the window flew,
Had crept into Piccola's tiny shoe !

“ How good poor Piccola must have been ! ”
She cried, as happy as any queen,
While the starving sparrow she fed and warmed,
And danced with rapture, she was so charmed.

Children, this story I tell to you,
Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true.
In the far-off land of France, they say,
Still do they live to this very day.

LESSON XLIII.

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| 1. Trāits (trāts), marked features or peculiarities. | 6. Re-prōached' (re-prōchd'), blamed. |
| 2. Dis'ā-bled (dis-ā'bld), deprived of natural power or strength ; <i>lamed</i> . | 6. Up-brāid' , blame. |
| 2. Pěn'sion , payment made to a person for past services. | 8. With'ered , faded ; lost freshness. |
| 3. Po-sī'tions (po-zish'uns), spots where persons or things are placed ; <i>rank in society or life</i> . | 9. Ar-ti-fi'cial (ar-ti fish'al), made by human skill. |
| 3. Phy-sī'cian (fī-zīsh'an), doctor of medicine. | 9. Mōn'i-tor , a person or thing that warns of faults. |
| | 10. De-vice' , <i>contrivance</i> ; invention. |
| | 10. Pūnct'ū-al-ly , with strict regard to time. |

The Forget-me-not.

1. Little Minnie was a kind-hearted girl, who would willingly give her last penny to help a poor person. She was constantly doing some act of charity ; such as preparing food for the sick-poor or mending clothes for a suffering family. But with all her good traits she had one fault, which often caused her great shame, and frequently brought trouble on others ; she was very thoughtless.

2. Not far from Minnie's handsome home lived

Sophia, a very poor but industrious little girl who by her needle helped to support her father, Colonel Brave. He was a disabled soldier, living on a small pension, which, sometimes, was not regularly paid.

3. In spite of the difference in their positions, the two girls were great friends. Once Minnie's mother was taken sick, and a great doctor, who lived at a distance, was sent for. Minnie promised that he should also visit Sophia's father, whose wounds troubled him greatly, but the doctor was many miles on his way home, before the little girl thought of her promise. She shed tears of shame and sorrow, but they would not bring back the physician.

4. Another time Minnie wished to work a screen as a birthday present for her mother, and Sophia kindly offered to help her. As the latter was very skillful at such work, it was agreed that she should go to the village to select the different silks, and in her absence Minnie was to prepare the Colonel's dinner.

5. The morning on which Sophia started on her errand, Minnie's mother had a visit from some friends, and the little girl became so interested in what was going on at home, that she forgot all about the poor Colonel. As he was unable to leave his room, or to wait on himself, he had to go without his meals until his daughter returned.

6. The next morning, while out walking with the visitors, Minnie met Sophia. At sight of her friend,

her conscience reproached her, for she remembered her promise. Sophia did not wish to upbraid Minnie in the presence of strangers, and yet wished her to know, in some way, that she ought to be more careful in future.

7. She invited Minnie and her friends to look at her garden, and afterwards took them into the house, to show them her embroidery and other work. Whilst they were examining these, she excused herself, and left the room. On her return she presented each of her visitors with a bouquet. To the strangers she gave some beautiful roses, but to Minnie a simple bunch of Forget-me-nots and green leaves.

8. The little girl blushed as she pinned the nosegay on her dress, and said: "Truly you know the flowers that best suit me." On her return home she placed the bouquet in a vase, intending to water it every day, and thus keep it fresh. But, as might be expected, she soon forgot it. About a week after, she entered the room, and was surprised to find that, though the leaves were withered, the Forget-me-nots themselves were as bright and as blue as the day on which they were gathered.

9. Minnie was surprised. "How is it possible," said she, "that these should keep so fresh, whilst the water has all dried up?" She leaned over to examine the bunch, and then discovered for the first time that the flowers were artificial ones. "You are right, dear Sophia," thought Minnie, "I stand in

need of some such continuous monitor. These unfading flowers shall be a perpetual warning to me not to forget."

10. She hastened to thank her friend for this happy device, and from that day wore the flowers on her dress. A marked change was visible. Many a duty, once carelessly neglected, was now punctually discharged, and many sorrows and much remorse of conscience were spared to Minnie by these simple flowers.

11. Her mother noticed the change, and when she heard the story of the Forget-me-nots, was so pleased that she presented Sophia with a beautiful ring, in which was a Forget-me-not of precious stones. As to Minnie, she treasured her nosegay, and, years after, when she had grown old, often told with great pleasure how the affection of her friend and a simple bunch of artificial flowers had cured her of a great fault.

LESSON XLIV.

3. **Pil'grim**, a traveler, especially one who travels to a distance from his own country to visit a holy place.

7. **Shrine**, a case or other receptacle in which sacred relics are placed ; *an altar*.

The Legend of the Infant Jesus serving at Mass.

Come, children, all whose joy it is
To serve at Holy Mass,
And hear what once in days of faith
In England came to pass.

It chanced a priest was journeying
Through a wild and lonely wood ;
And there, where few came passing by,
A little chapel stood.



He rested there, that pilgrim priest,
His morning Mass to say,
And put the sacred vestments on
That near the altar lay.

But who shall serve the Holy Mass,
For all is silent there ?
He kneels a while, and patient waits
The peasants' hour of prayer.

When lo ! a Child of wondrous grace
Before the altar steals,
And down beside that lowly priest
In infant beauty kneels.

He serves the Mass ; His voice is sweet,
Like distant music low ;
With downcast eye, and ready hand,
And footfall hushed and slow.

“Et verbum caro factum est,”
He lingers till he hears ;
Then turning to the Virgin’s shrine,
In glory disappears.

So round the altar, children dear,
Press gladly in God’s name,
For once to serve at Holy Mass
The Infant Jesus came.

LESSON XLV.

How to be a Nun.

1. Many of you, dear children, have heard of Father Faber, who wrote the beautiful hymn, “Dear Angel ever at my side,” and many charming books.

2. He had a little friend, named Minna Howard. When she was only seven years old, this little girl made up her mind to be a nun. Now, the good

Father naturally thought that she was too young to begin, just then, to do all the things which Sisters do, though there were some that she might try. So he wrote a very pleasant letter to tell her what those things were, and any little girl that reads it may well follow its advice, whether, when she grows up, she means to be a nun or not.

3. *"My dearest Minna:*

So you are seven years old, and you have made up your mind to be a nun. Well, now, what must you do? Must you put on a strange dress, and cut all your hair off, and go into a convent, and live a hard life? No! not just yet. By and by, with our dearest Lady's blessing, it may be so.

4. *"But then, as you always, always say, but then, I cannot*

wait so many, many years. Well, Sister Minna of the Infant Jesus! you need not wait. I will tell you how to be a nun at once, directly and with the consent of papa and mamma.

5. "Now, I am sure this will both please and surprise you. How am I to be made a nun of directly? Sister Minna! Sister Minna! what is it to be a nun? Listen. To be a nun is to love Jesus above all things, and to love Him always, and very much, and to love everybody else—papa, mamma, sisters, brother, Father Wilfrid, and all the world, because Jesus loves

them so much. This is being a nun.

6. "When Sister Minna likes her own will and loves her own way, then she is not a nun. When Sister Minna does not do what she is told, or does it complainingly, then she is not a nun. When Sister Minna says an angry word, then she is not a nun. But when Sister Minna loves Jesus, oh, so much, so very, very much, and when she is always asking her dear Mother in heaven to make her love Jesus more and more; then she is a nun, a real, real nun!

7. "So you see you can be a

nun whenever you like. And, now, good-bye, dearest Minna. I pray the dear little Jesus in Mary's arms to take care of you—the dear little Jesus, who is the great, great God, for all He is so little."

LESSON XLVI.

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|---|--|
| 1. Whith'er, to which place. | 3. Quaffed (kwaft), drank in quantities. |
| 2. Süm'mit, the top. | 4. Quënnched (kwënacht), put an end to. |
| 3. Hës'i-tät-ed, stopped, as if uncertain what to do. | |

The Generous Shepherd.

1. A traveler was coming down a high mountain in Greece, when he met a shepherd returning from the valley, whither he had gone to fill his jar with water.

2. This supply of water was to last him twenty-four hours, as his hut was a great distance off, at the summit of the mountain. He was a wild-looking fellow, more like a robber than a person from whom one would expect to receive any kindness.

3. But as the traveler was very weary and very

thirsty, he asked the shepherd for a drink. The man hesitated for a moment. "I had to go a long way for this," he said, "and cannot return for more. Besides, the day is very hot, and—but there, take it and drink," and he handed his jar to the traveler, who quaffed long and eagerly of the cool, delicious water.

4. When he had quenched his thirst, the traveler thanked the man, and, to show his gratitude, offered him some money. But the shepherd replied: "No, no, sir; I cannot take money for giving you a little of that which God gives us so bountifully. You are welcome to it!" and, smiling, he went on his way.

LESSON XLVII.

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| <p>2. Nötched (nötcht), cut in small hollows.</p> | <p>6. Shaft, the roller-like, column-shaped part of anything;
<i>an arrow.</i></p> |
| <p>4. Mi'ter, the head-covering worn by a bishop.</p> | <p>7. Strück, coined.</p> |
| <p>4. Crō'sier (krō'zher), the pastoral staff of a bishop.</p> | <p>9. Scām'pered (skām'perd), ran with speed.</p> |

The Saint Patrick Penny.

1. It was beautiful spring-weather, and the farmers were hard at work in the fields. The plow had turned up a long furrow, and the chickens were feasting on the grubs and worms which they picked from the fresh earth. When Luke and Jane O'Neill

came home from school, they put away their books, and, hastily eating their dinner, were off for a run in the field, where their father was busy.

2. The children had not gone far, when they saw on the ground a curiously-shaped stone; it had a rough edge and was notched at the blunt end, while the other end seemed to have been ground to a point. "I must ask father what this is," said Luke, picking up the stone and stowing it away in his pocket.

3. "Here is something better than a stone," said his sister, as she stooped to pick up a copper coin that the plow had turned up. "It looks to me like a cent."—"I do not believe it is a good one," said Luke, "Let me look at it."

4. Jane handed him the coin, and after rubbing it for a while, they were able to make out what was on it, and were greatly surprised at what they saw. On one side there was a bishop with his miter and crosier, as they had seen their own bishop when he confirmed them. "I do believe it is St. Patrick," said Jane, "and I am sure that the king playing the harp on the other side is King David."

5. Their father, who was watching them from a distance, wondered what could keep them so quiet. At last, he unhitched his horses, and as he was leading them to the barn, the children ran to meet him. "See, papa!" cried Luke, "what a queer stone I have found! What is it?"

6. After examining it for a moment, Mr. O'Neill said: "That, my boy, is an Indian arrow-head. Before white people came over here to New Jersey, where we are living, the Indians lived here. They knew nothing of iron or its uses, so they made rude hatchets, knives, and arrow-heads of stone.



This notch, near the head, is where it was tied fast to the shaft. It looks very clumsy, but the Indians were large, strong men, and could drive the arrow to the heart of the largest deer or bear."

7. "Well, papa," said Jane, "if the Indians made Luke's arrow-head they did not make this coin," holding up the piece, as she spoke.—"No, Jennie," said her father, looking closely at her treasure, "this

is a very curious coin. It was struck by the Catholics of Kilkenny, in Ireland, two hundred years ago, when, aided by the Pope, they were trying to secure liberty to worship God in their own way."

8. "But how did the coin get over here?" asked the little girl.—"Those pennies," replied her father, "were sent over to New Jersey at a time when money was scarce, and for a long time they passed among the people. Just as we turn up Indian arrow-heads, but not so often, we find these St. Patrick's pennies, as they are called."

9. "There, Luke, I was sure my penny was worth more than that old stone," said Jane, "I shall show it to mother, and tell her all about it."—"Oh, you need not be so proud of it," answered her brother, "for, if we only knew it, I am sure my arrow was shot by some great Indian chief with feathers in his hair and a necklace of bear's claws, who made every one afraid of him." How much more would have been told of both penny and arrow-head, it is hard to say, for at that moment the horn blew for supper, and Luke and his sister scampered away toward the house.

QUESTIONS.—What did Luke find? What Jane? What did the articles look like? What were they? How did they come there?

LESSON XLVIII.

2. **En-tic'ing**, coaxing ; *tempt-* | 4. **Plied** (plid), applied closely
ing. and steadily.

Sewing.

Close by the window there sits to-day
 A dear little maiden, her name is Rose ;
 And her thoughts are out with the birds at play,
 And her needle drags through the seam she sews.
 The thread provokes her, beyond a doubt ;
 It knots and snarls ; and the needle tries
 To murder her patience out and out,
 For it sticks her finger. “ O dear ! ” she cries,

“ I don't mind sewing on rainy days,
 When I can't go out, but it seems to be
 A cruel thing to give up my plays
 When all out-doors is enticing me !
 This seam can wait, but my heart rebels,
 And longs to carry me far away,
 To the woods, to the beach where I gather shells ;
 O, how can I work, when I want to play ! ”

A bird leaned hard on the rose's stem,
 And bent the bud till it fanned her cheek,
 And Rose, through her tears, looked out at them,
 And fancied she heard them softly speak :

“If I were you, little girl,” they said,

“I would hurry and finish what I’d begun,
And keep my mind on that bit of thread,
Nor think of play till the work was done !”



She smiled through her tears, and she bent her head,

And plied her needle with haste and skill ;

“I’ll put my heart in my work,” she said ;

“And that will help me ; I know it will !”

I saw the fairies, she could not see ;

They polished the needle and smoothed the thread,

And danced around her in sportive glee,

And the sewing-hour was quickly sped.

LESSON XLIX.

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| 1. Ce-měnt'ed , united · stuck to-
gether. | 6. Noŭr'ish-ment (nŭr'ish-ment),
food which causes growth. |
| 1. Lí'a-ble , likely. | 7. Con-fined' (kon-find'), kept
close. |
| 3. Es-cāped' (es-cāpd'), hurried
away; got out of the way
of danger. | 7. Räck , a wooden frame of open-
work in which hay is laid
for cattle to feed from. |
| 3. Ru'ins , worthless remains. | 7. Mān'ger , box from which cat-
tle eat. |
| 4. Wěpt , cried. | 8. Söl'i-tŭde , loneliness. |
| 4. In'ju-ry , hurt. | |
| 5. Draught (draft), drink. | |

A Landslide.

PRONUNCIATION.—Pronounce the *au* in ¹Goldau as *ow* in *how*; ²Zug is pronounced Zoog; Both *e's* in ³*loosened* are silent; ⁴season is pronounced see'zn, not seez'an, or seez'in; do not pronounce the last syllable in ⁵inhabitants as if spelled *unts*; be careful to sound the *th* in ⁶strengthened.

1. The village of Goldau¹ was part of a valley at the foot of Rossberg, a mountain of Switzerland, near Lake Zug.² The upper part of this mountain is formed of rounded pieces of old rock cemented together by clay—it is called pudding-stone—and this kind of rock is very liable to be loosened³ by water.

2. In the summer of 1806, after a very rainy season,⁴ which filled the springs within the mountain with water, causing them to loosen the ground above, this part of the mountain gave way, and falling head-long into the valley, buried the village of Goldau—

houses, cattle, and many of the inhabitants,⁵ beneath it.

3. Among those who were buried was a little girl named Mary. How she came to be alone in the house when the rest of the family escaped, or whether they were away from home at the time, and could not return for her, is not known, but she was completely covered up in the ruins of her father's cottage. The earth and rocks had fallen upon it so as to cover it entirely, but without crushing it to pieces, so that the poor child, though buried alive, was not only unhurt, but had some space to move about in.

4. Mary at first gave herself up for lost. Expecting nothing less than to die of hunger, she sat down and wept bitterly for awhile: then she said her prayers, and felt more comforted. After a few hours she heard the cry of a goat; she knew that it was one of her father's, that, like herself, had been buried alive, but without having received any injury.

5. "Poor Dodo," said she, "I am sure you want to be milked, and how glad I would be to have a drink, but I cannot reach you in this darkness." The cry came from above; after awhile, she managed to climb up to the spot where the goat was, and rejoiced to get a good draught of milk.

6. Mary felt much strengthened⁶ by this drink, and cheered herself with the hope that the goat would give her nourishment enough to keep from

starving till she might, perhaps, be dug out. The next day the bleating of the goat was very faint, and scarcely any milk could be drawn from it. Mary knew that the poor animal would not continue to give milk unless it was supplied with food, which it seemed impossible to obtain for it. However, instead of giving way to disappointment, she resolved to try whether she could find some hay.

7. She thought it probable that the place in which the goat was confined was the stable, which, at the time of the accident, might have been thrown over the room in which she was ; if so, she knew there was plenty of hay in the rack above the manger, but it was too high for the goat to reach. After many efforts to get at the hay, she was obliged to give it up ; but at length she contrived to place herself in such a way that the goat, by resting its hind legs upon her shoulders, could reach the rack. You may imagine what joy she felt when she heard the goat drawing the hay from the rack and beginning to eat ; for she knew that she had thus provided not only food for the poor goat, but a supply of milk for herself, as long as the hay lasted.

8. After living several days in this solitude and darkness, she heard a knocking, and guessed that the villagers were digging in search of her. She called out to them as loud as she could, but received no answer, for the place was so closed up, that they could not hear her voice. This grieved her very

much, for she feared they might discontinue the search before they reached the spot where she was. Again, however, a quantity of stones and earth fell near her, and thinking that an opening had been made, she was rushing forward to the spot where she had heard the noise, when it suddenly occurred to her that she might be crushed by the falling rubbish, and she went back again.

9. She cried out as loud as she was able, and at length heard the welcome voice of her father. In a short time he made his way to her; she fell into his arms, and was carried to her mother, who was overjoyed to find her alive. As may be supposed, poor Dodo, the goat, accompanied Mary, and was ever after tenderly cared for.

QUESTIONS.—Where was 'Goldau? What caused the ground to give way? How was Mary kept from starving? Tell the lesson in your own language.

Never you mind the crowd, boys,
Or fancy your life won't tell;
The work is a work for all that
To him that doeth it well.
Fancy the world a hill, boys;
Look where the millions stop;
You'll find the crowd at the base, boys;
But there's always room at the top.

LESSON L.

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| 1. Re-būke' , check or silence by the expression of disapprobation.
2. Op-prēssed' (op-prēst'), treated severely, cruelly, or unjustly.
2. Rōse ūp , became excited ; rebelled.
3. Be-sought' (be-sawt'), begged.
3. Re-lēnt' , become more tender ; <i>feel pity</i> .
5. Māde light ōf , treated as of little consequence.
5. Rēt'i-nūe , attendants.
5. Pro-ceed'ed , went on. | 5. E-pīs'co-pal , belonging to bishops.
5. At-tīre' , dress.
5. Warned (warnd), gave notice to.
6. Brood , remain a long time in anxious thought.
7. Slāy , kill.
7. Yiēld'ed (yeeld'ed), gave up.
7. De-cree' , special order.
7. Re-served' (re-servd'), kept.
7. Im-pē'ri-al , belonging to an emperor.
7. Com-mūn'ion (kom-mūn'yun), union or fellowship in religious worship. |
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St. Ambrose and the Emperor.

PRONUNCIATION.—Say The-o-do'si-us ; Mil'an ; Il-lŷr'ī-a.

1. When Theodosius was Emperor of Rome, and ruled over many countries in Europe, Asia, and Africa, there was a saintly bishop in Milan named Ambrose. He was never afraid to rebuke sin, even in the great, and once in discharge of his duty was obliged to make the emperor feel that he had done wrong.

2. In this great empire, provinces often fell into the hands of unjust governors. The governor of Illyria was one of these, and he so oppressed the citizens that they rose up and killed him. The emperor did not know how unjustly the governor had acted, so

when he heard what had been done, he resolved to punish the people of Illyria without mercy.

3. St. Ambrose interceded with the emperor, and besought him not to punish the innocent with the guilty. Theodosius seemed to relent; but some of the courtiers excited again the anger of the emperor, and he sent an army to Illyria to put to death all who had taken any part in the rebellion.

4. This was kept secret, and the holy bishop knew nothing about it, till the news came that the army had killed seven thousand people in Illyria. St. Ambrose was filled with grief. After earnest prayer, the Saint wrote to the emperor that as he had committed so great a crime, he could not enter the Church of God until he had repented of his sin.

5. Theodosius could not believe that the Saint would prevent him from entering the church. His courtiers made light of the letter, and the following Sunday the emperor with his retinue proceeded to the Cathedral. As he reached the door and was about to enter, he was met by Saint Ambrose, in full episcopal attire. The holy bishop raised his hand, and warned Theodosius not to enter the church until he had done penance.

6. Theodosius was troubled; he could not yet bring himself to acknowledge his sin; but, although his courtiers urged him to force his way into the church, he turned aside. Long did the proud emperor brood over the matter; he was desirous to

enter the church, yet unwilling to humble himself. At last, when Christmas was near, his courtiers persuaded him to send a messenger to the bishop, announcing that he would enter the Cathedral on that great festival, and warning Saint Ambrose not to oppose him.

7. "The emperor may slay me," replied the Saint, "but I must do my duty." Theodosius yielded; issuing a decree to prevent anything of the kind in future, he was admitted to that part of the church reserved for penitents. There, laying aside his crown and imperial robes, he prayed to God for forgiveness. When he had passed the appointed time of penance, he was again received into full communion.

He liveth long who liveth well;
 All else is life but flung away:
 He liveth longest who can tell
 Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last;
 Buy up the moments as they go:
 The life above, when this is past,
 Is the ripe fruit of life below.

An idle young man makes a needy old one.

LESSON LI.

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| <p>2. Săve, except.</p> <p>2. Trůst'y, fit to be trusted.</p> <p>3. Drow'sy, dull ; sleepy.</p> <p>4. Prē'vi-oŭs, foregoing ; going before in time.</p> <p>6. Răck, a large frame upon which, formerly, prisoners were stretched until, sometimes, their joints were pulled out of place.</p> | <p>6. Tort' ūre (tort' yur), extreme pain.</p> <p>6. Re-lēased' (re-leest'), set free.</p> <p>7. Strōde, walked with long steps.</p> <p>8. Rēc' ords, accounts of facts kept in writing.</p> <p>9. Re-quēst' (re-kwēst'), demand ; prayer.</p> <p>9. Trăcts, a quantity of land or water.</p> |
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The Good Duke.

PRONUNCIATION.—Say ¹ Gen'o-ă ; ² dŭke, not dook ; ³ an'i-măl, not an'i-mul ; ⁴ Rodrigo is pronounced Ro-dree'go ; say ⁵ im-me'di-ate-ly, not im-me'jut-lee ; ⁶ in'no-cent, not in'ner-sunt ; ⁷ slept, not slep ; ⁸ ceased is seest, not seezd ; say ⁹ tracts, not tracs.

1. In the beautiful city of Genoa,¹ near where Columbus was born, there lived many years ago, a nobleman who was known as The Good Duke.² He was very fond of horses, of which he owned a great number ; one of these in particular, called Beauty, was remarkably handsome, and cost a large sum of money.

2. This petted animal³ had a stable to itself, which no one, save the duke and a trusty servant, named Rodrigo,⁴ was allowed to enter. Rodrigo had entire charge of the horse, and even slept by its side, so that no harm should come to it.

3. One morning the servant awoke with a drowsy

feeling in his head, for which he could not account. Then he noticed that the horse seemed to be asleep. This was unusual, and stooping over, he discovered to his great astonishment that the creature was dead. "Who could have done it?" he said to himself, and immediately⁵ after came the terrible thought: What will become of me?

4. He examined the door of the stable, but it was still fastened as on the previous night, and no one but the duke and himself knew the secret of the lock. The poor fellow sat down to try to collect his thoughts, when, just at that moment, the duke entered. "Well, man," he asked impatiently, "why is not Beauty saddled and waiting for me?"—The unfortunate Rodrigo threw himself at his master's feet, and answered: "Most noble duke, when I awoke this morning, your horse lay dead beside me."

5. The duke seemed very angry, and Rodrigo, though innocent,⁶ was hurried off to prison. There he was visited by priests and by friends, but to one and all he told the same story: He had slept⁷ soundly all night, and when he awoke in the morning, the horse was dead.

6. He was tried, found guilty, and condemned to the rack. He was led away and stretched on this terrible instrument of torture. Ropes were fastened to his ankles and wrists, and his limbs stretched, until almost disjointed. From time to time he

was urged to confess, and at last the torture grew so great, that, in the hope of being released, he cried out: "Spare me! spare me! I *did* kill the horse."

7. Instantly the torture ceased.⁸ Rodrigo was carried back to prison and, after a few days was again taken out for sentence. All was as still as death in the court-room; the judge rose, and was about to pass sentence, when there was a sudden murmur among the people, and the duke strode forward.

8. "My lords and judges," he cried. "This man has already suffered too much. He is innocent. I killed the horse myself." Turning to Rodrigo, he released the chains which bound him, and then made a speech, which is yet to be found among the public records of Genoa.

9. The duke had long felt certain, that many men confessed crimes of which they were innocent, rather than undergo the terrible torture of the rack. To put an end to this injustice, he had killed his favorite and most valuable horse, and now begged that the rack might be forever done away with in Genoa. His request was granted: all the racks in the city were burned, and, from that day, there was no more torture. The duke rewarded Rodrigo for his suffering by presenting him with large tracts⁹ of land and raising him to the rank of a noble.

LESSON LII.

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| <p>2. Cŏn'se-quenc-es, results ; effects ; end.</p> <p>4. Im-prove'ment, that which adds to the excellence or value of anything.</p> <p>5. Blasts, blows ; <i>tears asunder rocks</i> or other bodies.</p> <p>5. Förg'es, beats metal into shapes.</p> | <p>5. Riv'ets, fastens with a pin, the point of which is bent, spread, or beaten down to prevent its being drawn out.</p> <p>5. Coins, stamps metal so as to convert it into money.</p> <p>6. Lō'co-mō'tive, a steam-carriage.</p> |
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The Kettle of Boiling Water.

PRONUNCIATION.—Worcester is pronounced Wŏös'ter.

1. About two hundred years ago, a man was sitting, one cold night, before a blazing fire in a small room of the Tower of London. The Tower, at that time, was used as a state prison, and the prisoner was the Marquis of Worcester.

2. A kettle of boiling water was on the fire, and as the Marquis watched the steam, which lifted the lid of the kettle, and rushed out of the spout, he thought of the power that lay hidden there, and wondered what the consequences would be if he were to fasten down the lid and stop up the spout.

3. As soon as he was released from prison, he tried the force of steam. "I have taken," he writes, "a cannon, and filled it three-quarters full of water, stopping up firmly both the touch-hole and the mouth ; and having made a good fire under it,

within twenty-four hours it burst, and made a great crack." After this the Marquis formed a machine, which, by the power of steam, drove up water to the height of forty feet.

4. About one hundred years later, James Watt, a little Scotch boy, sat one day looking at a kettle of boiling water, and holding a spoon before the steam that rushed out of the spout. His aunt thought he was idle, and said: "Is it not a shame for you to waste your time so?" But James was not idle; he was thinking of the power of the steam, and years after, when he grew to be a man, he made those wonderful improvements in the steam-engine which make it so useful in our day.

5. What does the steam-engine not do? It draws, it raises, it lowers, it pumps, it drains, it drives, it blasts, it digs, it cuts, it saws, it bores, it blows, it forges, it hammers, it files, it polishes, it rivets, it spins, it winds, it weaves, it coins, it prints; and it does many other things.

6. From so small a beginning as the steam of a tea-kettle came the steam-engine, the steam-boat, and the locomotive which draws along the trains with such speed on our railroads. Learn from this, how much good may be done by thinking. How many men had looked at kettles of boiling water, but how few had thought of the force of the steam, and of the good uses to which it would one day be turned!

LESSON LIII.

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| 1. Pŭff'ing, blowing in a short
and sudden manner.
4. Drāin'ing, drawing off. | 4. Fĕn, low land covered wholly
or partly by water ; marsh. |
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The Giant.

"Do tell me why the kettle's lid
 Is moving up and down?
 And why that smoke comes puffing out
 So fiercely from the kettle's spout?
 It sprinkles, see, your gown!"

"Ah! Charlie boy, you do not know
 That under that small lid
 A giant, powerful and strong,
 Who pushes ships and trains along,
 Is in the kettle hid."

"A real giant! Oh, mamma!
 You must be in a dream."
 "No dream, my child: the slave of man,
 He does more work than horses can:
 The giant's name is Steam.

"Giants of old were mighty men,
 Who mighty deeds could do;
 So, when *one* does the work of *ten*,
 In digging mine, or draining fen,
 We call him giant, too.

“And Steam has strength for work so vast
 You can no giant name,
 In all the books, from first to last,
 Which tell the story of the past,
 That ever did the same.”

LESSON LIV.

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| <p>1. Cěnt'ū-ry (sěnt'yu-rŷ), period of a hundred years.</p> <p>3. Wāde, walk through a liquid or other yielding substance.</p> <p>7. Ful-filled' (ful-fild'), carried into effect; brought to pass.</p> | <p>7. To the letter, precisely.</p> <p>7. Chăp'lain (chăp'lĭn), a clergyman officially attached to some public institution, or to a family, or to some one in office, for the purpose of performing divine service.</p> |
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Rudolph of Hapsburg.

1. In the 13th century there lived a good and great man, Count Rudolph of Hapsburg. One day, while out hunting, the Count became separated from his party. He stopped, and while listening for the sound of the huntsman's horn, he heard the tinkling of a bell. Curious to know whence came so unusual a sound, he urged his horse through the woods until he reached a brook, which was swollen by the heavy rains.

2. On its bank stood a priest, bearing in his hands the Blessed Sacrament, while near by was a lad carrying a bell. The pious Count at once dis-

mounted, and kneeling on the ground, adored his Lord and Saviour. In the meantime, the priest began to take off his shoes. "What are you about to do, Reverend Father?" asked the Count, in a low and respectful voice.

3. "I am hurrying to the bedside of a dying man," answered the priest, "and as the little bridge has been carried away by the storm, I must wade



through the stream or I shall not be in time to bring comfort to the Christian soul."

4. Taking his horse by the bridle, Count Rudolph bid the priest mount, and then, with uncovered head, led the way to the sick man's house. Having administered the last Sacraments to the dying Christian, the priest prepared to return home. Once more

the pious Count insisted on leading the horse until they reached the priest's door.

5. Here the good father dismounted, and was about to thank the Count for his kindness, when the latter interrupted him by saying : " God forbid, Reverend Father, that I or mine should ever dare to use an animal which has borne the Sovereign Lord of heaven and earth. Keep the horse, if not for yourself, at least for the service of God." Offered in such a way, the priest could not refuse to accept the gift.

6. The following day, Rudolph called at the little convent of Fahr to see his cousin, a holy nun. She had already heard of the Count's noble deed, and when she saw him, lifting her eyes to heaven, she exclaimed : " Rudolph, you honored Almighty God by the present made, yesterday, to His humble minister, and He, in turn, will give to you and yours the highest honors of this world."

7. The Count, who, in his humility, considered that he had simply done his duty, was astonished at these words. But the prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. The priest to whom Rudolph had given the horse, became, some time after, chaplain to the Archbishop of Mentz. The latter, impressed by the piety and charity of the Count, spoke so often of his noble character, that his name became known throughout the land.

8. At last he was chosen Emperor of Germany.

He reigned for eighteen years, and proved himself a true father to his subjects. At his death his son succeeded him, and the present Emperor of Austria is a descendant of this pious king.

LESSON LV.

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| <p>3. Al-lūd'ed, referred ; mentioned.</p> <p>3. Par-tāke', take a part.</p> <p>5. Shrüb, a woody plant of a size less than a tree.</p> | <p>6. Ex-träct', draw out.</p> <p>6. Möld'y, filled with a substance like down, which forms on bodies that lie long in warm and damp air.</p> |
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Tea.

1. The exact date at which Tea was first brought into use is very uncertain. Some writers claim that it was used in the East as early as 200 years before Christ.

2. In the year 1639, a Russian nobleman in China refused a present of tea for the Czar, for the reason that it would encumber him with an article for which he had no use. About the same time a Jesuit father writes : " They of China drink a liquor called Chia." Cha is the Portuguese word for Tea, but the Chinese word Theh is now generally used by Europeans.

3. In the time of Queen Anne of England, Tea is often alluded to, yet even fifty years later it was little known. At that time a lady received a present of some tea, and invited her friends to partake of it.

First she boiled and strained off the liquor, which she threw away, and placed the leaves between slices of bread and butter.

4. Sir Walter Raleigh once sent some tea to a lady friend of his. She also threw the water away, and served the leaves with boiled beef; but her guests did not care for what they called foreign greens.

5. Tea is the dried leaves of a shrub which grows in China, Japan, and India. When the shrub is three years old the leaves are picked and taken to the curing-house, where they are spread on bamboo trays to dry, then rubbed and rolled by hand.

6. They are next put into drying-baskets over a charcoal fire, where they are stirred by hand till perfectly dry, and finally packed in chests. When the tea reaches the port of shipment it is re-dried in order to extract all moisture, and to prevent it becoming moldy on the long and hot passages over the ocean.

A writer writing "right" may write
It "wright," and still be wrong—
For "write" and "rite" are neither "right,"
And don't to write belong.

The springs spring forth in Spring, and shoots
Shoot forward one and all;
Though Summer kills the flowers, it leaves
The leaves to fall in Fall.

Let the pupils point out the different meanings of the Paronymous words in the above verses.

LESSON LVI.

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| <p>1. Fleet, number of ships in company.</p> <p>2. Băr'ri-cădes', trees, earth, wagons, or anything else piled up so as to stop the progress of an enemy.</p> <p>3. Pal-mět'to, a species of palm tree.</p> <p>3. Pă'tri-öt'ic, moved by a love of one's country.</p> <p>3. Crės'cent, the figure of the new moon.</p> | <p>4. Săcked (săkt), plundered.</p> <p>5. Scănt, less than wanted for the purpose.</p> <p>7. A-döpt'ed, taken for his own.</p> <p>7. Hal'berd (höl'berd), a long-handled ax.</p> <p>9. Twilight, <i>the faint light seen before the rising and after the setting of the sun.</i></p> <p>10. De-fěcts', want of some things necessary for perfection.</p> |
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Sergeant Jasper.

1. On the first of June, 1776, a British fleet of forty or fifty vessels anchored off Charleston. The Admiral, Sir Peter Parker, determined to attack the city, and felt sure of an easy victory.

2. The people of Charleston set about defending their homes as best they could; barricades were put up across the principal streets, and bullets were cast from the sash-weights of the church-windows and dwelling-houses.

3. On Sullivan's Island, which is near the city, a rude fort of palmetto logs had been partly erected, and Colonel Moultrie, a brave and patriotic soldier, was placed in command. From this fort floated a flag of blue with a white crescent on which was the word LIBERTY.

4. On the morning of the twenty-eighth of June, the attack began. In the city, the anxious people crowded the wharves. They feared that if the enemy were victorious their families would be slaughtered, and their homes sacked and burned.

5. With eager faces they saw the vessels open fire and pour their shot and shell on the fort. The fleet had ten times as many guns as Colonel Moultrie, and, besides, his stock of powder was very scant.

6. Suddenly, while the people watched, the flag disappeared from the fort. Fearing that the gallant Colonel had been forced to surrender, the citizens prepared to meet the enemy at the water's edge, trusting in Providence, and preferring death to slavery.

7. In the fort, Sergeant William Jasper, a brave Irishman, who was fighting for his adopted country, saw that the flag had been shot down by a ball from the enemy, and had fallen outside the fort. "Colonel," said he to Moultrie, "we ought not to fight without a flag."—"What can we do?" asked Moultrie, "the staff is broken."—"Then," replied Jasper, "I shall fix it on a halberd."

8. The gallant fellow sprung through an opening in the wall, and under the heavy fire of the enemy's guns, took up the flag and planted it again on the fort, where its re-appearance was hailed from the shore with delight.

9. At sunset the battle was still raging, but through

the twilight the citizens could see the waving flag. Towards nine o'clock, the British admiral concluded to give up the fight, and withdrew his shattered vessels, leaving the victory to the Americans.

10. In honor of the gallant defence, the fort was named Moultrie. Governor Rutledge, of South Carolina, offered Jasper a lieutenant's commission, but, modest as he was brave, he declined. "I am not worthy of the trust," he said, "I cannot mix with those who are superior to me in education and manners without exposing my defects. Let me alone; let me serve the country in the way that suits me best, as an humble and devoted laborer in the cause of freedom."

11. Governor Rutledge yielded to this request, but taking off his own sword, presented it to the modest sergeant.

LESSON LVII.

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| <p>6. Be-guil'ing (be-gil'ing), causing to pass without notice.</p> | <p>9. Rěv'er-ent, <i>respectful</i>; submissive; humble.</p> |
| <p>7. Palms (pāms), the inner parts of the hands; a tree; <i>a symbol of victory.</i></p> | <p>11. Rě-sign' (rě-zīn'), sign back; return; surrender; submit to; <i>give up.</i></p> |

Saint Theresa.

Long, long ago, there lived in ancient Spain
 A little maiden, innocent and fair;
 Her gentle virtues brightened her dear home,
 And the pure angels loved to linger there.

And God himself looked down with tender love
Upon that little child of seven years ;
And she, returning gladly love for love,
One favor asked, with prayers and sighs and tears.

“If I could die for thee, dear Lord,” she said ;
“Could give my life for thee as thou for me,
Then would my heart at last be filled with joy ;
I beg this favor, dearest Lord, of thee.”

And to her brother she would sometimes say,
“There is a land, far, far away from here,
Where faithful Christians win the martyr’s crown ;
Shall we not seek that land, my brother dear ?”

And he consenting, they prepare to go,
Rejoicing that at last their hope is near.
All unobserved they leave their pleasant home,
Nor breathe their plans of love to any ear.

With joyful steps they journey on and on,
Beguiling time by many pleasant ways,
Bidding the little birds to join with them
In singing unto God a hymn of praise.

At length the little feet grow tired and sore,
And ’neath a pleasant tree they sit them down,
And loving sleep enfolds them in her arms
And gives them dreams of palms and martyrs’
crown.

But while they sleep a friend is passing by,
 Who sees the little ones, and begs to know
 Why they are wandering far away from home,
 And why so unprotected thus they go.

With child-like confidence they tell him all,
 And he with reverent awe the story hears—
 For in the would-be martyrs of to-day
 Full well he sees the saints of future years.

Gently he tells them they must wait God's time—
 That one can die of love a daily death—
 He bids them turn once more towards their home,
 And to remember what the good God saith

Of honor unto parents. Sweetly thus
 The little ones their plans and hopes resign,
 And with obedient footsteps seek their home,
 To love and pray—to watch and wait God's time.

LESSON LVIII.

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| 1. Cröpp , product of what is plant-
ed. | 3. Stöck , the main body of a tree
or plant ; the trunk. |
| 2. Re-lieve' (re-leev'), help. | 7. Dis-coür' aged (dis-kür'ejd),
disheartened ; dispirited. |
| 3. Hill'ock , small hill. | |
| 3. I'll , abbreviation of <i>I will</i> . | |

The Rain-drops in Council.

1. A farmer once had a large field of corn, on which he depended for the support of his family.

He had worked very hard at this field, but he saw the corn begin to droop and wither for want of rain. The thought that he would lose his crop made him very sad, and he went every day to the field to see if there were any signs of rain.

2. One day as he stood looking at the sky—almost in despair—two little rain-drops up in the clouds, over his head, saw him, and one said to the other : “Look at the poor farmer ! I feel very sorry for him ; he has taken such pains with his field of corn, and now it is all drying up for want of rain ; I wish I could do something to relieve him.”

3. “Yes,” said the other, “but what can you do ? you are only a little rain-drop ; you can’t wet even one hillock.”—“Well,” said the first, “to be sure I can’t do much ; but I can cheer the farmer a little, at any rate, and I am resolved to do my best : I’ll try, I’ll go to the field to show my good will, if I can do no more ; so here I go.” And down went the rain-drop, and came on the farmer’s nose, and then fell on a stock of corn.

4. “Dear me !” said the farmer, putting his fingers to his nose, “what’s that ? A rain-drop ! Why, I do believe there is a shower coming up.” And away he ran to tell his wife the good news.

5. The first rain-drop had no sooner started for the field, than the second said : “Well, if you go, I believe I shall go too,” so down went the second rain-drop on another stock. A great many other

rain-drops having come together to hear what their companions were talking about, one of them said :

6. “If you’re going on such a good errand, I’ll go too;” and down it went. “And I,” said another. “And I,”—“And I,”—“And I,” and so on till the whole shower of them came, and the corn was all watered, and it grew and ripened, all because the first little rain-drop determined to do *what* it could.

7. Never be discouraged, dear children, because you can’t do much. Do what you can. Angels can do no more.

LESSON LIX.

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|---|---|
| 1. Rōv’ing, moving about from place to place without certain direction. | 8. Lūred (lūrd), attracted ; invited by anything that promises to please or to be of advantage. |
| 2. Tīm’o-roūs, fearful of danger, timid. | 8. Flūt’tered (flūt’terd), moved irregularly. |
| 2. Piēr’cing (peer’sing), forcing a way into or through ; sharp. | 9. Toil’some-ly, with labor. |
| 3. Flīt’ted, flew with a rapid motion. | 10. Quiv’er-ing (kwiv’er-ing), shaking with slight, trembling motion. |
| 5. Tīnt’ing, coloring. | 11. Trăn’quil (trănk’wil), quiet ; calm. |
| 7. Ill’-fā’vored (ill’-fă’vord), ill-looking ; ugly. | 12. Sōar, fly aloft. |
| 7. Glăd’den (glăd’dn), to make glad. | 13. Sought (sawt), looked for ; tried to find. |

The Butterfly’s Mishaps.

A Butterfly, roving, with nothing to do,
Over the wall of a clover-field flew.

Fine scented clover,—white clover and red,—
Up from the mowing-grass lifting its head.

There but a moment he dared to alight,
Timorous Butterfly! off in a fright,—
Off, when the Grasshopper, leaping too near,
Scraped his small violin piercing and clear,—

Little old Grasshopper! Grasshopper green,
With legs doubled under him crooked and lean!
Over the garden fast flitted the rover,
Caring no more for the tall, sweet clover.

What though its blossoms be fragrant and gay?
Richer and redder the Rose is than they;
Under the sunny south window it grows,
Sweet-breathing, bright-blooming, elegant Rose!

Here, then, he settles with wings upright,
Closing them gracefully, closing them tight,
Just as if never again to unfold
All the rich tinting of purple and gold.

Ah! But, approaching the same sweet cup,
Slowly the Rose-Bug came traveling up,
Down by the Butterfly soberly sat,
Horny and crawly and ugly and flat!

Soon as this ill-favored neighbor he knew,
Here away, there away, Butterfly flew,
Upward and downward, around and around;
Down where the Buttercups gladden the ground,—

Buttercups nodding, all golden and gay,
 Glancing and dancing the summer away.
 Lured by their charms, here he fluttered about,
 Till midst the glad party a Snail crept out.

Toilsomely dragging his shell-house along,
 Doing no mischief, and thinking no wrong.



“Now,” cries the Butterfly, “comes a new foe !
 Dangers are with us wherever we go.”

Off then he speeds ; and each flower, as he
 springs,
 Looks after and laughs at his quivering wings.
 Over the cornfield and over the wheat
 There lies an orchard, old, shady, and sweet,

“This is the spot for me!” cries he, at last,
 “Here all is tranquil, and danger is past!”
 O coward Butterfly! Butterfly silly!
 See where, with cap in hand, runs roguish Willie.

Under the apple-tree, where he was lying,
 Think you he saw you not, resting and flying?
 Soar away, Butterfly,—off at full speed;
 Now there is danger,—great danger, indeed;

Snail, Bug, nor Grasshopper, they have not
 sought you,—
 Bareheaded, curly-locked Willie has caught you!

LESSON LX.

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| 1. O-rĭg'i-nal, <i>first copy</i> ; the
precise language employed
by a writer. | 3. Lănd'seer, a picture painted
by Sir Edwin Landseer, an
English artist. |
| 2. Bōast'ed, bragged; spoke with
pride. | 9. E'er, an abbreviation of <i>ever</i> . |

A Work of Art.

PRONUNCIATION.—Leonardo da Vinci's name is pronounced Lă-o-nar'do dah Vĭn'chee; e'er has the sound of *âr* in *share*.

1. George Jamison's father was a very rich man. He lived in a handsome house, which was elegantly furnished, and had everything that money and taste could supply. He had a fine collection of pictures, and among them many original paintings which he highly valued.

2. Mr. Jamison was a man of very plain manners, who never boasted of his money; but George, like many foolish boys, liked to tell his playmates how rich his father was, and what pretty things they had at home.

3. "Father has an original Landseer," he, one day, said to his companions.—"What is a Landseer?" asked Charley Carroll.—"Why a painting worth ever so much," replied George, "how stupid you are, to be sure."

4. Father Boyd, who was passing at that moment, overheard the remark. "If you will come to my house," he said, "I can show you an original work of Leonardo da Vinci, and your father will tell you that that is more valuable than a Landseer."

5. As soon as George reached home he asked who Leonardo da Vinci was. "He was a great man," said Mr. Jamison, "a musician, poet, painter, sculptor, engineer, naturalist, botanist, and inventor. He was no 'Jack of all trades, and good at none,' but a master in many arts and a practical worker.

6. "He was born at Florence, a beautiful city of Italy, in 1452, and painted that picture of 'The Last Supper,' of which we have an engraving in the dining-room. If Father Boyd has an 'original' of his I should very much like to see it, and after supper we might walk over to his house."

7. When they reached Father Boyd's they were welcomed by the friendly priest; but, when he heard

of their errand, he laughed. , “It was a little joke of mine,” he said. “George was bragging in a way that I know you, sir, would not approve, and so, to take him down a little, I told him of the treasure I possess.

8. “It is not a painting, however, but an article of much value to mankind. In fact, it is a wheelbarrow, of which the great painter was the inventor.”

9. Mr. Jamison joined in the laugh, but at the same time took occasion to reprove George for his foolish bragging. “My son,” he said, “I hope never again to hear of you being so foolish. Remember that worth, not wealth, makes the man; and ‘the honest man, though e’er so poor, is king of men.’”

LESSON LXI.

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| <p>2. Pro-jēc'tions, <i>parts standing out</i> ; plans.</p> | <p>5. House'höld, belonging to the house.</p> |
| <p>3. Sub-sist'ence, means of support.</p> | <p>5. Im'ple-ments, articles that supply a want.</p> |
| <p>4. Fib'ers, delicate, thread-like portions of plants and animals.</p> | <p>7. Ma-tū'ri-ty, ripeness ; state of perfection.</p> |

The Palm - Tree.

1. The palm is one of the most beautiful of trees. It grows straight, sometimes to the height of one hundred feet, and at the top has a cluster of dark

green leaves which bend gracefully towards the ground, and are from six to eight feet long.

2. The leaves are often called branches, though the palm in reality has none, for as the stem increases in height, the leaves decay and drop off, leaving knotty projections by means of which persons are enabled to climb the tree to gather the fruit.

3. There are a great many varieties of palm to be found in India, Egypt, Arabia, and Persia, where its fruit forms almost the entire subsistence of the inhabitants. The wealth of a man is reckoned by the number of palms he possesses.



4. It is said that there are no less than three hundred and sixty uses to which the trunk, stalks, leaves, fibers, and fruit of the palm are applied.

5. The broad leaves are used for covering the roofs

of houses ; also for making mats, baskets, couches, and other household implements ; from the stalks are made fences for the garden and cages for the poultry ; from the fibers, rigging, ropes, and thread ; the trunk serves for fuel ; the sap furnishes a spirituous liquor.

6. Even the seed of the date is of use. It is softened in water for several days and then ground into a coarse meal, which is used as food for camels and other animals.

7. The Date Palm reaches maturity in thirty years, but begins to bear fruit much sooner. It continues to be productive for at least seventy years after maturity, and some trees have been known to be several centuries old.

8. The fruit grows from the summit of the stem in great clusters, each cluster often weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds ; and a tree produces, it is said, from fifteen to twenty such clusters. The date, when perfectly ripe, is soft, pulpy, and very sweet.

QUESTIONS.—How does the palm-tree grow? Are there many varieties of palm? Name some of the uses of the palm. When does the Date-palm reach maturity?

Speak the truth, and speak it ever,
Cost it what it will ;
He who hides the wrong he did,
Does the wrong thing still.

LESSON LXII.

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| 3. Săl' ū - tã'tion, greeting; the act of paying respect by the customary words or actions.
6. Per-pět' ū-al, never ceasing. | 6. Cöm'mon-plāce, common; not new; <i>every-day occurrence</i> .
6. Gölden ěx-ha-lā'tions of the dawn, a beautiful, or golden, sunrise. |
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A Poet's Letter.

1. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the greatest of our American poets, was born at Portland, Maine, on the 27th of February, 1807.

2. When he reached his seventy-second birthday, some school-children wrote him, through their teacher, a letter, to which the poet sent this charming answer:

3. *"If I had time I would write you a long letter in reply to yours, which has greatly interested me. But alas! I have not time; for though, as the Indian said, 'I have all the time there is,' it is not enough for the many claims made upon it. I can only send you, and the boys*

and girls under your care, a friendly salutation.

4. " To those who ask how I can write 'so many things that sound as if I were happy as a boy,' please say that there is in this neighborhood, or neighboring town, a pear-tree planted by Governor Endicott, 200 years ago, and that it still bears fruit not to be distinguished from the young tree in flavor.

5. " I suppose the tree makes new wood every year, so that some parts of it are always young. Perhaps that is the way with some men when they grow old; I hope it is so with me.

6. "I am glad to hear that your boys and girls take so much interest in poetry. That is a good sign, for poetry is the flower and perfume of thought, and a perpetual delight, clothing the common-place of life 'with golden exhalations of the dawn.' Give them all my sympathy and my good wishes, and believe me

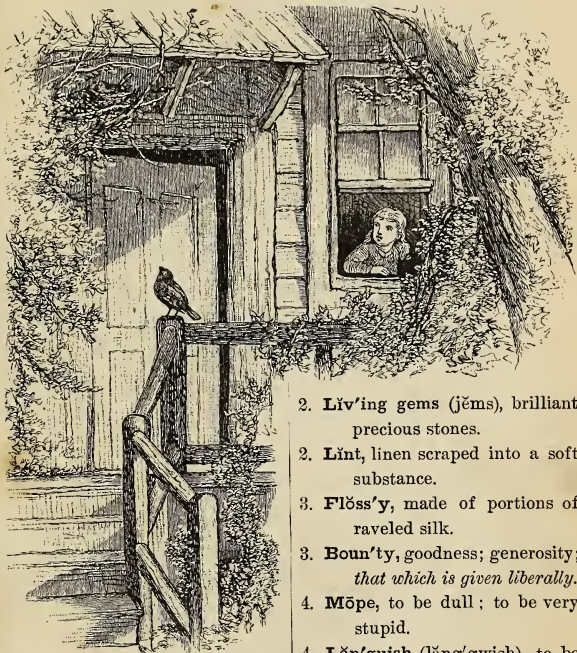
Yours very truly,

Henry W. Longfellow.

Cambridge, April 6, 1879."

The expression "clothing the common-place of life with golden exhalations of the dawn," used in Mr. Longfellow's letter, is what is called a figure of speech, and means "making ordinary, every-day occurrences, which are dull in themselves, appear bright and beautiful."

LESSON LXIII.



1. **Făsh'ion** (făsh'un), form ;
shape or fit to.
1. **War'bling** (wôr'bling), singing
musically.

2. **Liv'ing gems** (jěms), brilliant
precious stones.
2. **Lănt**, linen scraped into a soft
substance.
3. **Flöss'y**, made of portions of
raveled silk.
3. **Boun'ty**, goodness; generosity;
that which is given liberally.
4. **Mōpe**, to be dull ; to be very
stupid.
4. **Lăn'guish** (lăng'gwish), to be
or become dull or spiritless.
5. **Măg'ic** (măj'ik) secret art.
5. **Shine**, abbreviation for *sun-
shine.*

A Bird's Nest.

Over my shaded doorway
Two little brown-winged birds

Have chosen to fashion their dwelling,
 And utter their loving words ;
 All day they are going and coming
 On errands frequent and fleet,
 And warbling over and over,
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet !"

Their necks are changeful and shining,
 Their eyes are like living gems ;
 And all day long they are busy
 Gathering straws and stems,
 Lint and feathers and grasses,
 And half forgetting to eat,
 Yet never failing to warble,
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet !"

I scatter crumbs on the door-step,
 And fling them some flossy threads ;
 They fearlessly gather my bounty,
 And turn up their graceful heads,
 And chatter and dance and flutter,
 And scrape with their tiny feet,
 Telling me over and over,
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet !"

What if the sky is clouded ?
 What if the rain comes down ?
 They are all dressed to meet it
 In water-proof suits of brown.

They never mope nor languish,
 Nor murmur at storm or heat,
 But say, whatever the weather,
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

Always merry and busy,
 Dear little brown-winged birds!
 Teach me the happy magic
 Hidden in those soft words,
 Which always in shine or shadow
 So lovingly you repeat
 Over and over and over,
 "Sweetest, sweet, sweet, O sweet!"

LESSON LXIV.

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| 1. A-larm'-clock , a clock which
can be so set as to ring
loudly at a particular hour. | 2. Ap-point'ed , fixed by command
or agreement.
3. Nap , a short sleep or slumber. |
|---|--|

The Alarm - Clock.

1. Dan Ahern was spending his summer vacation with his Aunt Maria in the country. One day, as he was reading a very interesting book, his aunt came into the room and told him that Father Young would like him to serve mass the next morning, at six o'clock. "And as I know you do not wake

up very early," she continued, "I bought this little alarm-clock for you."

2. Dan was delighted with his present, and that night, before going to bed, set the clock for half-past five. Sure enough, the next morning, the moment the hands reached the appointed time, the clock began whizzing and ringing away. Dan jumped out of bed, and having washed, dressed, and said his prayers, hurried off to church, thinking, as he went along, what a fine thing it was to have such a clock.

3. For a time, Dan was up bright and early every day, but at last he began to grow tired of early rising, and one morning when the clock sounded the alarm, instead of getting up, as usual, he rolled over to take another nap. For the next three mornings he did the same.

4. For the morning of the fourth day a fishing-party was made up, and it was agreed that all should meet at the old mill, at seven o'clock. Dan was very anxious to be in time, and set his alarm for five o'clock. When the hour came, whiz! whiz! ring! ring! went the clock. But Dan slept on, in spite of the noise, and when, at last, he did open his eyes it was eight o'clock.

5. He hurried down stairs only to find that the family had finished breakfast. "If I had not depended on that nasty clock," he grumbled, when his aunt asked why he was so late, "I should have

been up in time.”—“Ah, Danny,” said his kind aunt, “the fault lies with you, not with the clock. Had you always got up, when it rung, it would have continued to awaken you. But you neglected its warning.

6. “It is the same with our conscience as with an alarm-clock. When we are tempted to do what is wrong, something whispers to us: ‘That is not right, you must not do that; God sees you.’ If we listen to this voice and heed it, all will be well with us, but if, time after time, we neglect its warning, we finally become deaf to it, and fall into a sleep of sin from which nothing but the grace of Almighty God can awaken us. There, run off to your play now, but remember what I have told you.”

LESSON LXV.

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|---|---|
| 3. Hūmmed (hūmd), sung with
the mouth shut. | 3. Boors , people of an awkward,
clownish manner. |
| 3. Per-cēive' , see. | 4. File , march one after another. |

The Stone in the Road.

1. Many years ago, there lived a prince who was both wise and rich. One evening he walked out alone from his palace, and going to the highway, began to dig a hole in the middle of the road. When the hole was as deep as he wanted it, he placed in it

a package, and then laying a large stone over the mouth of the hole, returned to his palace.

2. Early the next morning, a farmer driving along the road, noticed the stone. "Well, well," he said, "I never saw such neglect. The idea of leaving a great stone in such a place! It's a wonder some one has not broken his neck over it," and whipping up his horses, he drove on, without touching the stone.

3. Next came a soldier who had just received his pay. As he looked up to the blue sky over his head, he jingled the money in his pocket, and gayly hummed a song, but did not perceive the stone, until he pitched head-long over it. As he arose, his song changed to a growl at "the boors and block-heads who left that stone for decent folks to trip over." But he did not remove it.

4. The soldier was followed by a party of villagers on their way to a neighboring fair. The road was so blocked up by the stone, that, in order to pass, they had to file off on either side. "To think of that stone lying there, while hundreds pass by, and not one man to lift it!" said Robert. — "It's a great shame!" added Charles, his companion, "but it only shows what lazy folks there are in the world." Yet, neither stirred to lift the stone aside.

5. And so it went on, day after day, until a week rolled by. Many passed that way, but, while all

saw the stone and made some remark about it, not one stopped to remove it.

6. At the end of that time, the prince called the people together, and, when they were assembled, led them to the spot where the stone lay. "My friends," he began, "you know I like to teach you a lesson, now and then, in an odd way, and for such a lesson I have called you together to-day. A week ago I placed this stone here and since then, no one has troubled himself to move it, but contented himself with blaming his neighbor, for not taking it out of the way."

7. When he had thus spoken he stooped down, raised the stone, and disclosed a round hollow lined with white pebbles, and in it a small leathern bag. This he held aloft, that all the people might see what was written upon it: '*For him who lifts the stone!*' He untied it, turned it upside down, and out upon the stone fell, with a musical ring, a number of bright gold coins.

8. Robert looked at Charles, and said: "Humph!" — And Charles looked back at Robert, and said: "Humph!" — But the prince looked round him with a smile, while he said: "My friends, remember the stone in the road."

He that knows himself best, esteems himself least.

LESSON LXVI.

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| 1. Sleek , smooth. | 3. School (skōōl), great multitude assembled. |
| 1. Sō'cia-bīl'i-ty (sō'shā-bīl'i-tē), quality of being fond of companions. | 3. An'tic , odd or queer trick. |
| 1. Pro-verb'i-al , universally acknowledged or spoken of. | 4. Em-bayed' , inclosed in a bay or inlet. |
| 2. Be-wīl'dered , confused ; puzzled. | 4. In'lets , recesses in the shore of the sea, or of a lake or river. |
| 2. In-quis'i-tive , inclined to seek information. | 4. In-ves'ti-gāte , to inquire and examine into. |
| 2. Dī-ver'sion , amusement ; play. | 4. Gām'bol s, merry tricks. |

The Porpoise.

PRONÜNCIATION. — ¹ Porpoise is pronounced pôr'pus ; ² snout is snowt, not snoot ; ³ catch is kăch, not kěch.

1. The Porpoise¹ is a long, sleek fish without scales, black on the back, and white and gray beneath. It is from four to ten feet in length, and its sociability and good nature are proverbial among seamen of all nations.

2. A Porpoise is rarely seen alone, and if, by chance, it wanders from its friends, it acts in a very bewildered and foolish manner, and will gladly follow a steamer at full speed rather than be left alone. It is a very inquisitive fish, and is always thrusting its funny-looking snout² into every nook that promises diversion or sport.

3. As soon as a school of porpoises catch³ sight of a ship, they immediately make a frantic rush for

it, as if their life depended upon giving it a speedy welcome. After diving under the vessel a few times to inspect it and try its speed, they take their station under the bows, just ahead, and proceed to cut up every antic of which a fish is capable. They jump, turn over, play "leap-frog" and "tag" in the most approved fashion. Their favorite antic is to dive a few feet, return to the surface, showing their backs in a half circle, and then, making a sound like a long-drawn sigh, disappear again. Sailors call them "sea-clowns," and never allow them to be harmed.

4. They are met with in schools of from two or three to thousands. They are often embayed in the inlets and shallow rivers, which their curiosity leads them to investigate. A Porpoise once swam into the Harlem River and wandered up and down for a week seeking a way out. One day it suddenly made its appearance amid some bathers and scattered them by its gambols.

5. When the Porpoises change their feeding-places, the sea is covered for acres with these "sea-clowns," all swimming along in the same direction. When going against the wind their plungings throw up little jets of water, which, being multiplied by thousands of these fishes, present a very curious appearance.

Health is better than wealth.

LESSON LXVII.

2. Chime, to ring in harmony. | 7. Naught (nawt), nothing.

The Child and the New Year.

Child.

How came you here, O bright New Year ?

And what have you brought to me ?

Would you like to look at my toys and book

That I found on the Christmas-tree ?

New Year.

Yes, happy child, let the joy-bells chime !

I came from God on the wings of Time ;

I bring you gold, and love untold,

And all things good that your life can hold.

Child.

Are the good things here, O bright New Year ?

And please let me have the gold ;

I'll buy a toy for the baby-boy

Who was born in a manger cold.

New Year.

That baby-boy is the Prince of Light ;

He owns all things in heaven to-night,

Yet since His birth, of all the earth,

A child's pure heart is of greatest worth.

But if, my dear, on this New Year
You would serve the Christmas King,
You may find, I'm sure, some one as poor,
Whose lips you can make to sing.

What you on earth to the poor have given,
I'll store for you in the bank of Heaven,
For angels hold your deeds of gold
Till they all increase a thousand fold.

But if you've naught to the manger brought,
To the Babe so pure and mild,
Let me repeat—no gift so sweet
As the heart of a little child.

And the love you get, and the love you give,
Will last, as long as the soul does live ;
And He will hold, in His tender fold,
That life more precious far than gold.

Child.

O, Jesus fair, make me Thy care ;
This is my earnest New Year prayer.

"What is the longest word in the English language?" asked George Rogers of his friend Henry Spencer. Henry thought a moment, and answered, "*Smiles*, I suppose, for there is a whole mile between the first and last letter."—"No," replied George, "it is *beleaguered*, for it has over three miles between its beginning and its end."

LESSON LXVIII.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. In-dūced, lead on. | 5. Per-sist'ed, continued. |
| 2. Rē -sōurc'es, that on which
one depends for supply or
support. | 5. Wan (wŏn), pale, sickly ap-
pearance. |
| 4. E-mā'ci-āt-ed (e-mā'shī-āt ed),
wasted away in flesh. | 6. Pěr'ish, die ; lose life. |
| | 6. Fām'ish-ing, dying of hunger ;
starving. |

The Bread which the Lord Sent.

1. About the year 1217, the great St. Dominic visited Rome with some of his order, and went to live in an unfinished building. Every day brought new candidates for admission into the order, induced by the fervent preaching of the Saint to give up all worldly goods for the sake of God and heaven.

2. The friars lived in extreme poverty. But so great was the sanctity, and so powerful the prayers of the holy Dominic, that, when the resources of earth failed them, those of heaven were ready to meet every need.

3. One day, in particular, their supply of provisions was quite exhausted, and two of their number, Brother John and Brother Albert, were sent out by the superior to seek alms, according to the custom of the order. They wandered through the streets of Rome for many hours, but obtained nothing. At last they retraced their steps, feeling yet more dispirited as they thought of the brethren who were

expecting them at home, but whose wants they would be unable to relieve.

4. As they passed the church of St. Anastasia, not far from their own house, they met a woman who had often assisted them. Seeing that their sacks were empty, she offered them a loaf of bread, saying she would give what she could, rather than permit them to return quite empty-handed. She had hardly left them, when they came upon a man of most wretched appearance. His clothes hung in tatters around his emaciated form, his cheeks were sunken, and his eyes bright with the glitter of hunger. In a feeble voice he asked them for alms.

5. "We would give you alms most gladly," said Brother John, "had we anything to give, but we are as poor as yourself. We have been begging in vain all the morning, and have nothing to carry home but one small loaf."—"But you are not as hungry as I am," persisted the stranger, extending a hand, so thin and wan, that it seemed as if the sunlight could pass through it. "Give me a morsel of bread for the love of God!"

6. The two monks looked at him with pity, and took counsel together as to what they might best do. "For ourselves," said they, "it would be far better to fast than to leave this poor creature to perish with hunger; and, after all, we would not greatly wrong our brethren by giving him this loaf, for of what use can a few ounces of bread be among a hundred men?"

Let us, then, for the love of God, give this famishing man what help we are able.”

7. Having come to this decision, Brother Albert handed the loaf to the beggar, and they departed with his blessing.

LESSON LXIX.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. In'ci-dents, events ; adventures. | 3. Ab-sorbed', sucked up ; <i>engaged wholly.</i> |
| 2. Cěl'lar-er, the one in a monastery who has the charge of procuring and keeping the provisions. | 4. Re-fěc'to-ry, eating-room. |
| 2. Běv'er-age, liquor for drinking. | 4. Com-mū'ni-ty, a society of people, living under the same laws and regulations. |
| 3. Se-rěn'i-ty, calmness of mind ; evenness of temper. | 4. Sa-lūt'ing, addressing with expressions of kind wishes ; <i>paying respect by the customary actions.</i> |

The Bread which the Lord Sent. Concluded.

1. Arriving at their monastery, the Brothers were met by their superior, the holy Dominic. “You have brought nothing to-day, my children?” he said to them.—“Nothing, holy father,” they replied, and told him the incidents of the morning.—“It is well, my children,” answered the Saint, with a cheerful countenance ; “the poor man you helped was an angel of the Lord who knows well how to provide for His own. Let us, then, pray to Him,” and, leaving them, he went into the chapel.

2. Returning after a few moments, St. Dominic sent for Brother Roger, the cellarer, and ordered him to summon the community to dinner, as usual, saying that the Lord would supply their wants. The tables were then arranged. A plate and cup were set for each brother, and an empty wine-cask stood at one end of the hall—for in Italy wine was then, as now, the common beverage even of the peasants ; but neither food nor drink was to be seen.

3. At the sound of the bell the monks filed into the hall and stood in their places around the tables, many of them with blank and disappointed looks ; but their holy father, with undisturbed serenity, pronounced the blessing. All took their seats, and Brother Henry began to read aloud from a spiritual book, according to the pious custom. In the meanwhile, St. Dominic was sitting, with clasped hands, absorbed in prayer.

4. Then, in full sight of the assembled community, two young men, with grave, sweet countenances and graceful bearing, advanced into the hall. Long mantles of pure white linen fell from their shoulders. With noiseless step they moved on, one taking the right, the other the left side of the refectory, and, beginning with the lowest in rank, they set before each of the brethren a loaf of bread of remarkable whiteness and beauty, which they took from the folds of their snowy mantles. When they reached the head of the table where Dominic sat, they gave

him a loaf also, and, saluting him with a bow, they disappeared.

5. Then the blessed Dominic, raising his eyes, said : “Eat, my brothers, the bread which the Lord has sent you,” and, turning to those who were serving the table, he bade them bring wine.—“Holy father,” said they, “there is no wine.”—“Go to the cask,” replied the Saint, “and draw for the brothers the wine which the Lord has sent them.” Obeying, they went and found it full of excellent wine, with which they filled all the cups.

6. For two days the provision thus miraculously obtained supplied their table, so that no one was obliged to go out for alms ; the Saint then ordered that what remained should be given to the poor, admonishing the brethren, in view of what had happened, that they should ever trust in the Lord, even in the greatest poverty. A little of the bread and wine was also given to the sisters of the neighboring convent of St. Mary-beyond-the-Tiber, where it was long preserved as a relic ; and it is from the narration of one of them—Sister Cecilia—that the story of the miracle has come down to us.

I live for those who love me—for those I know are true ;
 For the heaven that smiles above me, and awaits my spirit, too ;
 For all human ties that bind me ; for the task by God assigned me ;
 For the bright hopes left behind me ; and the good that I
 can do.

LESSON LXX.

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| 3. Fränk , artless ; sincere ; open. | 8. Re-vēal' , make known. |
| 3. Wāy'far-ers , travelers. | 11. Verge , extreme edge. |
| 5. Turf , the grassy surface of land. | 11. Turned our heads , made us |
| 7. A-māze' , astonish. | wild, insane, or the like. |

The Blind Man's Secret.

1. The Frederick family, consisting of James Frederick, his wife, and their two children, Charles and Fanny, was one of the most respected in the great city in which they lived. They were thought to be very rich ; but business losses, which Mr. Frederick could neither foresee nor prevent, threatened to reduce them to poverty.

2. In the midst of their troubles, however, they never once lost their confidence in Almighty God. One day, after talking over their affairs, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick knelt down, as usual, and lifting up their hearts to heaven, prayed for help and strength in their misfortune. They had scarcely risen from their knees, when Charles and Fanny came into the room to say that a poor blind man and a little boy were at the gate, asking for a drink of water and for permission to rest a while.

3. Mrs. Frederick bid the children take the two travelers into the kitchen, where she, with her husband, followed them. The venerable appearance of the old man, and the frank, honest face of the boy,

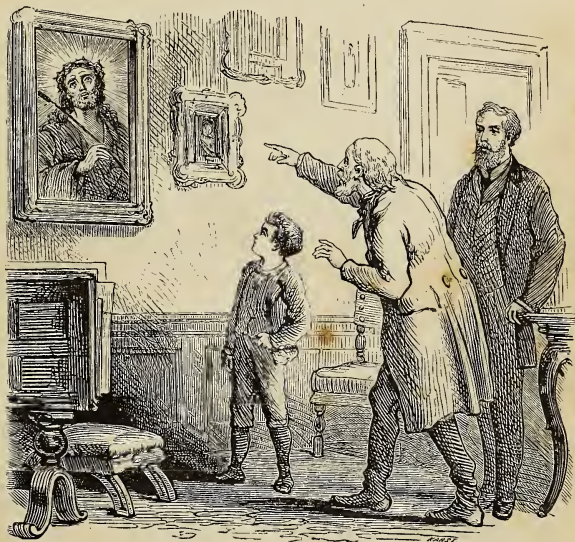
made a deep impression on the merchant and his wife. Food was supplied to the wayfarers, and shelter was offered them for the night, which was fast coming on. This the old man thankfully accepted, and then proceeded to tell his story.

4. His name was Christian Morris, he was a mason by trade, and had been blind for seven years, during which time he had been supported by his son and daughter-in-law, hard-working people, whose oldest child, Aloysius, was his present guide. "Hearing of the wonderful cures worked by a doctor of this place," he continued, "I determined to come in search of him and throw myself on his charity, as we are too poor to pay for his services."

5. The doctor, who happened to be the Fredericks' family-physician, was sent for the next morning, and after examining the patient's eyes, expressed himself able, with God's help, to restore the old man's sight. Three days after, an operation was performed, which proved entirely successful. For about a week, however, the patient was kept in a darkened room, as, at first, he could not bear the light; after that, he was taken to a room on the ground-floor, which was painted green, was shaded by a heavy green vine, and looked out on some green turf.

6. When Christian became used to the mild light of this room, almost the first sight that met his eyes, was a picture of our Blessed Lord, bearing in his hands a reed and on his head a crown of thorns.

“What do I see!” he cried, in the utmost astonishment. “Whence came that picture? I have seen it but once before, and though more than forty years ago, I can never forget it, for it was one of the eventful moments of my life.”



7. “You amaze me!” said Mr. Frederick, “for that picture belonged to my grandfather, and has not been out of this house in fifty years. True, my grandfather was forced to fly from his home during the war, and died in a foreign land, but that picture remained here. Pray tell me under what circum-

stances you saw it, that it should make such an impression on you."

8. In a few short words the story was told. At the beginning of the war, Christian, who was working at his trade in that city, was called upon by a man, whom he now knew to be Mr. Frederick's grandfather, and engaged for a very particular job. Together they proceeded to a house, where he was shown into a room, on the walls of which hung the picture that had just excited his attention. He was placed under this picture, and made to promise, in the most solemn manner, that he would never reveal the business he was to be employed on, provided it was not sinful, and for which he was to be unusually well paid.

9. This business, as it turned out, was to wall up a secret room, built in the solid masonry of the cellar, in which his employer had stored money, jewels, and plate of great value, so that it should not fall into the hands of the enemy. "This I did," he said, in conclusion, "and if your grandfather died away from home, and never told the secret of his hidden store, it is, no doubt, still lying safe and sound, under our very feet."

10. It was now Mr. Frederick's turn to be astonished. He could hardly contain himself for joy. In company with the mason, he led the way to the cellar, where a glance convinced the latter, that his work had not been disturbed. Trusty servants were called

in, and, armed with picks and chisels, they broke away the masonry, and in a short time succeeded in removing the huge stone which closed the entrance to the secret room.

11. When the hidden treasure was laid bare, Mr. Frederick found, that from the verge of bankruptcy, he was suddenly raised to a position which placed him among the richest men of his city. "See how good God is!" said Mrs. Frederick, "when we did not need this wealth, He kept it concealed from us. Had we come in possession of all this money and property before, it might have turned our heads; we might have fixed our hearts upon these perishable riches and given ourselves up to indolence. But now, in the hour of need, God sends it to us."

12. "God has sent you this wealth," interrupted the old mason, "to reward you for your charity. Your good Catholic hearts moved you to help a poor blind man; and he, under God's blessing, was the means of saving you from want. Had you not succored me, this great wealth would have forever remained hidden from you."

13. Mr. Frederick presented the old mason with a sum of money, and settled on him and his family a modest income. He also took upon himself the education of Aloysius, as he had been the means, under God, of leading his grandfather to Mr. Frederick's house.

LESSON LXXI.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Jour'ney (jûr'ný), travel ; pas-
sage.
1. Băn , curse.
2. Dwarf , a very small man, ani-
mal, or plant.
2. Pū'ny , small and feeble.
2. Writh'ing (rīth'ing), twist-
ing.
2. Sūc'cor , help.
3. Gī'ant , a man of great size,
strength, or powers. | 4. Slūg'gard , a person who is lazy
and idle.
4. Shrinks , retires ; declines ac-
tion.
4. Shirk , get off from.
6. Pěr'il , instant danger.
6. Slinks , sneaks away.
7. Fal'ter , hesitate ; tremble.
8. Văl'or , strength of mind in
regard to danger ; warlike
courage. |
|--|---|

Giant and Dwarf.

As on through life's journey we go day by day,
 There are two whom we meet at each turn of the
 way,
 To help or to hinder, to bless or to ban—
 And the names of these two are, 'I can't,' and 'I
 can.'

'I can't' is a dwarf, a poor, pale, puny imp :
 His eyes are half blind, and his walk is a limp ;
 He stumbles and falls, or lies writhing with fear,
 Though danger is distant, and succor is near.

'I can' is a giant ; unbending he stands ;
 There is strength in his arm and skill in his hands :
 He asks for no favors ; he wants but a share
 Where labor is honest and wages are fair.

'I can't' is a sluggard, too lazy to work ;
From duty he shrinks, every task he will shirk ;
No bread on his board, and no meat in his bag ;
His house is a ruin, his coat is a rag.

'I can' is a worker ; he tills the broad fields,
And digs from the earth all the wealth which it
yields ;

The hum of his spindle begins with the light,
And the fires of his forges are blazing all night.

'I can't' is a coward, half fainting with fright ;
At the first thought of peril he sinks out of sight ;
Slinks and hides till the noise of the battle is past,
Or sells his best friends, and turns traitor at last.

'I can' is a hero, the first in the field,
Though others may falter, he never will yield ;
He makes the long marches, he strikes the last blow,
His charge is the whirlwind that scatters the foe.

How grandly, how nobly he stands to his trust,
When roused at the call of a cause that is just ;
He weds his strong will to the valor of youth,
And writes on his banner the watchword of Truth !

Then up and be doing ! the day is not long ;
Throw fear to the winds : be patient and strong !
Stand fast in your place, act your part like a man,
And, when Duty calls, answer promptly, 'I can.'

LESSON LXXII.

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|---|--|
| <p>2. Ca-păc'i-ty, the power of receiving or containing ; ability ; <i>employment</i>.</p> <p>2. Oc'cu-pă'tion, employment ; <i>trade</i> ; possession.</p> <p>3. In-dŭs'tri-oŭs, constantly occupied in business ; opposed to <i>idle</i>.</p> <p>3. Cöll'ier-y (köll'yer-ŷ), the place where coal is dug.</p> | <p>3. Lēi'sure (lē'zhur), time free from employment.</p> <p>4. Guĭn'ea (ġĭn'ē), an English gold coin worth about five dollars, but no longer issued.</p> <p>5. Con-strŭct'ed, built ; formed ; made ; invented.</p> <p>7. De-ter'mi-nā'tion, conclusion ; purpose ; <i>firmness</i>.</p> |
|---|--|

George Stephenson.

1. George Stephenson was born on the 9th of June, 1781. As a child, he was very poor, for his father had six children to feed and clothe, on wages that amounted to about three dollars a week, which he earned by tending an engine.

2. As soon as George was old enough, he was put to work, and his first employment was herding cows at about four cents a day, from which he was promoted to hoeing turnips at eight cents a day. No time was lost by him whilst in this humble capacity ; his busy brain was at work even when using the hoe, and being familiar with his father's occupation, he had a great desire to make some little machine.

3. He was faithful and industrious, and, after awhile, he was appointed fireman at Midmill Colliery ; when only fifteen years old, he earned a salary equal to that his father received at the time of

George's birth. As fireman, George applied himself to a careful study of the steam-engine, taking his machine to pieces during his leisure hours, and thus making himself thoroughly acquainted with it.

4. In order to add to his small wages, he mended shoes for his neighbors and cleaned watches, thus contriving to save his first guinea. He was a happy man when, at the age of twenty-one, he was able to furnish a cottage. He early determined to overcome his poverty and his ignorance. Slowly he conquered them, and out of his humble gains he contrived to pay eight cents a week for lessons in reading, writing, and arithmetic, which were studied at night by the light of his engine fire.

5. In 1815 he invented a safety lamp, and this brought his name before the public. Not long after, he constructed his first locomotive, which, in the beginning, was not very well received; but he finally overcame all difficulties, and it proved a decided success.

6. When a railway was to be built between Liverpool and Manchester, Stephenson was chosen engineer. He proposed to work his engine so that it would go at the rate of twelve miles an hour. People laughed at the idea, and some exclaimed: "As well trust one's self to be fired off on a rocket!" Stephenson was not disturbed by these remarks, but soon showed what he could do, for his engine "Rocket" traveled at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour.

7. His fortune and his fame were rapidly increasing, and yet his heart was as boyish as ever. In the spring he would snatch a day for gardening, and in the autumn he would go into the woods in search of nuts; and he found time, in the midst of all his occupations, to write a touching letter to his son, all about a pair of robins. Honesty of purpose and determination were the ruling traits of his character. He once said, "I have fought for the locomotive, single-handed, for nearly twenty years. I put up with every rebuff, determined not to be put down."

LESSON LXXIII.

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|---|---|
| 2. Re-pūte' , character; fame. | 4. Pur'chase , buying. |
| 2. In'ter-view , meeting. | 6. Clī'ent , dependent; <i>one who applies to a lawyer for advice, or commits a cause to his care.</i> |
| 2. Con-sūlt' , ask advice of. | |
| 3. Bring an action , begin a law-suit. | 6. Frānc , a French coin, worth about nineteen cents. |
| 3. Sēt'tle-ment , a disposition of property for the benefit of some person or persons. | 7. Fa-tigued' (fa-teegd'), tired. |
| 4. Ne-gō'ti-ate (ne-gō'shī-āt), arrange for. | 11. Prōs'per-oūs , fortunate; <i>successful.</i> |

The Lawyer's Advice.

PRONUNCIATION.—¹ Rennes is pronounced Ren.

1. The town of Rennes,¹ in France, used to be a famous place for law; and the country people of the

neighborhood seldom visited the place without getting advice of some sort. One day a farmer, named Bernard, coming to the town on business, thought that, as he had a few hours to spare, he would do well to get the advice of a good lawyer.

2. So he called on a lawyer, who was in such high repute that many people believed a law-suit gained when he undertook their cause. After waiting some time, the farmer was admitted to an interview, and told the lawyer, that having heard much about him, and happening to be in town, he had called to consult him.

3. "Do you wish to bring an action against some one?" said the lawyer. — "Oh no!" replied the farmer; "I am at peace with all the world." — "Then it is a settlement, a division of property, that you want?" — "Excuse me, Mr. Lawyer; my family and I have never made a division, seeing that we draw from the same well, as the saying is."

4. "Then you wish me to negotiate a purchase, or sell some property for you?" — "Oh no! I am neither rich enough to purchase, nor poor enough to sell." — "Will you tell me, then, what you *do* want of me?" asked the lawyer in surprise. — "Why, I have already told you, Mr. Lawyer," replied Bernard. "I want your advice. I mean to pay for it, of course."

5. The lawyer smiled, and, taking pen and paper, asked the farmer his name. "Peter Bernard," re-

plied the latter, quite happy that he was at length understood.—“Your age?”—“Thirty years, or very near it.”—“Your vocation?”—“What’s that?”—“What do you do for a living?”—“Oh! that’s what vocation means, is it? I am a farmer.”

6. The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper, and handed it to his strange client. “Is it finished already?” said the farmer. “Well and good. What is the price of your advice, Mr. Lawyer?”—“Three francs.” Bernard paid the money and took his leave, delighted that he had made use of his opportunity to get a bit of advice from the great lawyer.

7. When the farmer reached home it was four o’clock; the journey had fatigued him, and he determined to rest the remainder of the day. Meanwhile the hay had been two days cut, and was ready for the barn. One of his men came to ask if it should be drawn in. “What! this evening?” exclaimed the farmer’s wife, who had come to meet her husband. “It would be a pity to begin the work so late, since it can be done as well to-morrow.”

8. Bernard was uncertain what to do. Suddenly he recollected that he had the lawyer’s advice in his pocket. “Wait a minute!” he exclaimed; “I have an advice, and a famous one, too, that I paid three francs for; it ought to tell us what to do. Here, wife, see what it says; you can read writing better than I.”

9. The woman took the paper, and read these words :

*Never put off till to-morrow what you
can do to-day*

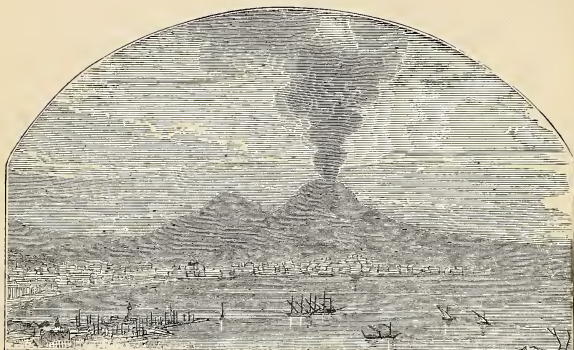
“That’s it !” exclaimed Bernard, as if a ray of light had cleared up all his doubts. “Come, boys ! come, girls ! all to the hay-field ! It shall not be said that I have bought a three-franc opinion to make no use of it. I will follow the lawyer’s advice.”

10. Bernard himself set the example by taking the lead in the work, and not returning till all the hay was brought in. The event seemed to prove the wisdom of his conduct and the foresight of the lawyer. The weather changed during the night ; an unexpected storm burst over the valley ; and the next morning it was found that the river had overflowed, and carried away all the hay that had been left in the fields. The crops of the neighboring farms were completely destroyed. Bernard alone had not suffered.

11. The success of his experiment gave him such faith in the advice of the lawyer, that from that day forth he adopted it as the rule of his conduct, and became, consequently, one of the most prosperous farmers in the country.

Happy is he who, many things possessing,
Makes them to others, and himself, a blessing.

LESSON LXXIV.



1. **Slōpes**, descending surfaces.
2. **Crā'ter**, the mouth of a volcano or burning mountain.
2. **Brīm'stōne**, sulphur.
3. **A.D.**, an abbreviation of *Anno Domini*; the year of our Lord.
4. **Earth'quāke**, a shaking or trembling of the earth.
4. **Cīn'ders**, small particles of fire, with ashes.
5. **Ebbd** (ebbd), flowed back.
7. **Dawn**, first appearance of light in the morning.
7. **Fūmes**, vapor; smoke.
8. **Lā'va**, the melted rock thrown out by a volcano.
9. **E-rūp'tion**, bursting forth in a sudden or violent manner.



Mount Vesuvius.

PRONUNCIATION.—Say ¹Ve-su/vī-us; ²vīn/yards, not vīne/yards;
³Her-cu-la'ne-um; ⁴Pompeii is pronounced as if spelled Pom-pā'yee.

1. In the old Roman times, for ages and ages, Mount Vesuvius¹ had been lying quiet, like any

other mountain. Beautiful cities were built at its foot, filled with people who were as comfortable as people ever were on earth. Fair gardens, vineyards,² and oliveyards, covered the mountain slopes. It was considered a real paradise.

2. As for the mountain being a burning mountain, who ever thought of that? To be sure, on the top of it was a great round crater, or cup, a mile or more across, and a few hundred yards deep. But that was all overgrown with bushes and wild vines. What sign of fire was there in that? To be sure there was an ugly place below by the seashore, where smoke and brimstone came out of the ground, and a lake over which poisonous gases hung. But what of that? It had never harmed any one, and how could it harm any one now?

3. So the people all lived on, merrily and happily enough, till the year A.D. 79. At that time there rose a strange cloud over the top of Mount Vesuvius. It was in shape just like a pine-tree; not like one of our branching Scotch firs, but like an Italian stone-pine, with a long straight stem, and a flat, parasol-shaped top. Sometimes it was blackish, sometimes spotted. Admiral Pliny, who was always curious about natural science, ordered his cutter and went across the bay to see what it could be.

4. Earthquake shocks had been very common for a few days previous: but I do not suppose that Pliny

had any notion that the earthquakes and the cloud over the top of the mountain had anything to do with each other. However, he soon found out, to his cost, that they had. When he got near the opposite shore some of the sailors met him and entreated him to turn back. Cinders were falling down from the sky, and flames breaking out of the mountain above. But Pliny would go on; he said that if people were in danger it was his duty to help them; and that he must see this strange cloud, and note down the different shapes into which it changed.

5. But the hot ashes fell faster and faster; the sea ebbed out suddenly, and left Pliny and his party high and dry; the Admiral turned away to the house of a friend, who was just going to escape in a boat. Pliny told him not to be afraid; ordered his bath; and then went in to dinner with a cheerful face. As the night drew on, flames came down from the mountain; but Pliny persuaded his friend that they were only fires in some of the villages from which the peasants had fled.

6. However, in the middle of the night they found the courtyard was fast filling with cinders, and, if the Admiral had not wakened in time, he would never have been able to get out of the house. The earthquake shocks grew stronger and fiercer, till the house was ready to fall; and Pliny and his friend, with the sailors and the slaves fled into the open

fields ; having first tied pillows over their heads to protect them from the falling stones and cinders.

7. The day at last came, but not the dawn, for it was still dark as night. Pliny and his party went down to their boats upon the shore ; but the sea raged so horribly, that there was no getting on board of them. Then there came down upon them a rush of flames, and a horrible smell of sulphur, and all ran for their lives. The Admiral sank down, overpowered by the brimstone fumes, and so was left behind. When the others came back, there he lay dead, his face as calm as if he were only sleeping.

8. But what, in the meantime, was going on elsewhere ? Under clouds of ashes, cinders, mud, and lava, three cities had been buried just as the people had fled from them, leaving their furniture and earthenware, their jewels and gold, with here and there among them, a human being who had not had time to escape. The ruins of Herculaneum³ and Pompeii⁴ have been dug into since ; and paintings, especially in Pompeii, are found upon the walls still fresh, preserved from the air by the ashes which covered them.

9. As for Vesuvius, half, or more than half of its top, had been blown away ; and what was left stands in a half circle, burning to this day. True, after that eruption which killed Pliny, Vesuvius fell asleep again, and did not wake up for 134 years, and then not again for 269 years ; but of late it has been

growing more and more restless, and now hardly a year passes without it sending out smoke and stones from its crater, and streams of lava from its sides.

LESSON LXXV.

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|---|--|
| 3. Dis'mal (diz'mal), lonesome ; gloomy ; sorrowful ; <i>unhappy</i> .
3. Whin'ings (hwin'ings), mean, unmanly complaints. | 4. Dil'i-gent , not careless ; constantly attentive.
5. Down , the close, hairy covering of birds, under the feathers.
6. Prē'cepts , orders ; rules. |
|---|--|

Jamie, the Gentleman.

There's a dear little ten-year-old down the street,
 With eyes so merry and smile so sweet,
 I love to stop him whenever we meet ;
 And I call him Jamie, the gentleman.

His home is a poor one, gloomy and bare,
 His mother is old with want and care—
 There's little to eat and little to wear
 In the home of Jamie, the gentleman.

He never complains, though his clothes be old,
 No dismal whinings at hunger or cold ;
 For a cheerful heart that is better than gold
 Has brave little Jamie, the gentleman.

His standing at school is always ten—
 "For diligent boys make wise, great men,

And I am bound to be famous some day, and then—”

Proudly says Jamie, the gentleman,

“My mother shall rest on her cushions of down,
The finest lady in all the town,
And wear a velvet and satin gown”—

Thus dreams Jamie, the gentleman.

“Trust ever in God,” and “Be brave and true”—
Jamie has chosen these precepts two ;
Glorious mottoes for me and for you ;
May God bless Jamie, the gentleman !

LESSON LXXVI.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Ben-gal' (ben-gawl'), a province of British India. | 5. De-vōt' ed, given up ; attached ; <i>bound by love</i> . |
| 1. Wind'ings , the turns or turnings. | 7. Těnch , a fresh-water fish. |
| 3. Trūmp'et-ing , uttering a tone like that of a trumpet. | 7. A-bŭn'dant , plentiful. |
| 3. Chărged (chărgd), rushed upon. | 8. Gur'gling , a noise like that which water makes in running out of a bottle. |
| 4. Ad'ver-sa-ry , an enemy ; a foe. | 8. Plēad'ing , begging. |
| 4. Cor'ral , a yard or inclosure, especially for cattle, near a house. | 10. Plăint'ive , sad. |
| | 10. Pre-cīs'ion , exactness. |

Old Soup.

1. In the autumn of 1876, while I was living in the interior of Bengal, I went to spend Christmas with my friend, Major Daly, on the banks of the river

Ganges. On the morning after my arrival, while sitting with my friend looking out upon the windings of the river, I asked the major about his little son and daughter, whom I had not yet seen, and begged to know when I should see them.

2. "Soupramany has taken them out fishing," said their father.—"Why, isn't Soupramany your great war-elephant?" I cried.—"Exactly so. You cannot have forgotten Soupramany!"—"Of course not. I was here, you know, when he had that fight with the elephant that went mad while they were loading rice down yonder.

3. "I saw the mad elephant when it suddenly began to fling the rice into the river. Its driver tried to stop it, and it killed him. The native sailors ran away to hide themselves, and the mad elephant, trumpeting, charged into this inclosure. Soupramany was here, and so were Jim and Bessy. When Old Soup saw the mad animal, he threw himself between it and the children. The little ones and their nurses had just time to get into the house when the fight began."

4. "Yes," said the major, "and what a fight it was! Do you remember how we all stood on this porch and watched it, not daring to fire a shot lest we should hit Old Soupramany? Do you remember, too, his look when, after fighting an hour and a half, he drew off, leaving his adversary dying in the dust, and walked straight to the 'corral,' shaking his great

ears which had been badly torn. Poor Soup! his head was bruised, and a great piece was broken from one of his tusks?

5. "Well, since then, he is more devoted to my dear little ones, than ever. He takes them out whole days, and I am perfectly content to have them under his charge."—"What! you trust children under ten years of age to Soup, without any other protection?"—"I do," replied the major. "Come along with me, if you doubt, and we will surprise them at their fishing."

6. I followed Major Daly, and, after walking half a mile along the banks of the river, we came upon the little group. Both children, for a wonder—Jim, the elder, being only ten—sat still and silent, each holding a rod, with line, cork, hook, and bait, and watched the gay corks bobbing in the water. Beside them, stood Old Soup bearing a great bamboo rod in his trunk, with line, hook, bait, and cork, like the children's.

7. I need not say I took little notice of the children, but turned all my attention to their big companion. I had not watched him long before he had a bite. The old fellow did not stir; his little eyes watched his line eagerly; he was no novice at fishing. He waited till it was time to draw in his prize. At the end of the line, as he drew it up, was dangling one of those golden tench, so abundant in the Ganges.

8. When Soupramany perceived what a fine fish

he had caught, he uttered one of those long, low, gurgling notes of satisfaction by which an elephant expresses joy; he waited patiently, expecting Jim to take his prize off the hook and put on some more bait for him. But Jim, the little rascal, sometimes liked to plague Old Soup. He nodded at us, as much as to say, "Look out, and you'll see fun now!" Then he took off the fish, which he threw into a water-jar placed there for the purpose, and went back to his place without putting any bait on Old Soup's hook. The animal did not attempt to throw his line into the water. He tried to move Jim by low, pleading cries.

9. Seeing that Jim paid no attention to his calls, but sat and laughed as he handled his own line, Old Soup went up to him, and with his trunk tried to turn his head in the direction of the bait-box. At last, when he found that all he could do would not induce his wilful friend to help him, he turned round, and, snatching up in his trunk the box that held the bait, came and laid it down at the major's feet; then picking up his rod, he held it out to his master.

10. "What do you want me to do with this, Old Soup?" said the major. The creature lifted one great foot after the other, and again began to utter his plaintive cry. Out of mischief, I took Jimmy's part, and, picking up the bait-box, pretended to run with it. But the elephant would not be teased by

me. He dipped his trunk into the Ganges, and in an instant squirted a stream of water over me with all the force and precision of a fire-engine, to the great amusement of the children.

11. The major at once made Soup a sign to stop, and, to make my peace with the old fellow, I baited his hook myself. Quivering with joy, as a baby does when it gets hold at last of a plaything some one has taken from it, Old Soupramany hardly paused to thank me by a soft note of joy for baiting his line for him, before he went back to his place, and was again watching his cork as it trembled in the ripples of the river.

LESSON LXXVII.

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| 2. Con-clūd'ed , finished; <i>made</i>
<i>up one's mind.</i> | 3. Passed (pāst) a-wāy', died.
6. Urged , said earnestly. |
|--|--|

Watching.

1. "How I do wish He would come!" said Nellie Fagan, as she stood leaning against a rock, arranging a beautiful bunch of wild flowers. "Father Howley said last Sunday, that our dear Lord would surely come to us some day, and that we must pray and watch for His coming. So I have waited and watched for Him every day, and have flowers ready for Him, if He would only come for them. O sweet Infant Jesus, please do come!"

2. Just then, looking down the hill, she saw Father Howley coming along the road. She knew from his manner that he was carrying the Blessed Sacrament, and at once concluded that he was on his way to old Alice, who was lying ill at her cottage just out-



side the village. Nellie knelt down and bowed her head reverently until the priest passed. He smiled gravely as he saw her, and beckoned her to follow. Still holding her flowers, she obeyed, but kept at a little distance.

3. When they reached the cottage, old Alice was dying, but her face lit up with joy at the sight of the

priest. There was just time to administer the last Sacraments, before the pious old woman peacefully passed away. "Ah!" thought Nellie, "our dear Lord has come to her." Then she placed her flowers on the dead woman's bed. They had been gathered as a present for our Saviour; and behold! that very day, He visited His dying servant, and there Nellie made her offering.

4. "What were you doing, Nellie, when I met you on the hill?" asked Father Howley, as they walked home together.—"Watching for our blessed Lord," she replied.—"I watch for Him too," said the priest with a smile, "but I do not leave my work for that. It is true that our Lord will come one day to judge us, and we must all be ready for that day. We must watch and pray for His coming, but watch and pray in church, in school, and at play.

5. "He does not mean that we should spend all our time upon the hillside watching for Him. What He wants is that we give our hearts to Him every morning when we wake; that we serve and love Him every day, and all day long; and He is glad to have children play and be merry as long as they are modest, kind, and gentle." Nellie colored and hung her head.

6. "But, father, I want to hear Him," she urged, "with my ears, and see Him with my eyes—like anything else. That is why I waited for Him."—Father Howley was silent for a moment, and then said:

“Listen, my child : There was once a king of France so holy that he is now a Saint. One day, he was told that the people saw the form of our Divine Lord Himself in the priest’s hands during Mass. King Louis, for that was his name, believed that our Lord was truly present in the Blessed Eucharist, and as our Divine Master has said : ‘Blessed are they that have not seen, and have believed ;’ he would not go to look upon the wondrous sight.”

7. “Oh, father !” Nellie exclaimed, “how could he keep away ? I am sure I could not have done so.” — “Well, little one, give your heart to God. Work and study and play in His honor. Go to the Sacraments regularly. Speak to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, before the altar, and call often on His Blessed Mother. Then you may be sure that the day will come when you will not only see God face to face, but enjoy with Him the happiness of heaven. Good-bye, and God bless you, my child.”

Little moments make an hour ;
 Little thoughts, a book ;
 Little seeds, a tree or flower ;
 Water-drops, a brook :
 Little deeds of faith and love
 Link the earth to heaven above.

LESSON LXXVIII.

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|---|---|
| 1. With pŭz'zled brow, with a puzzled look. | 1. In - scribed', <i>written</i> or engraved. |
| 1. O'er, a contraction for <i>over</i> . | 3. Störe, ware-house ; supply ; plenty ; <i>provision</i> . |
| 1. Ad-drëss', direction of a letter. | 5. Ere (âr), before. |
| 1. Crămped (krămpt), stiff ; not easy. | 6. Oft, often. |
| 1. En-grāv'en, cut upon ; <i>written</i> . | 6. Aught's (awt's), any thing is. |

Little Harry's Letter.

A Postman stood with puzzled brow,
 And in his hands turned o'er and o'er
 A letter with address so strange
 As he had never seen before.
 The writing cramped, the letters small,
 And by a boy's rough hand engraven.
 The words ran : "To Almighty God,"
 And underneath inscribed, "In Heaven."

The Postman paused ; full well he knew
 No mail on earth this note could take ;
 And yet 'twas writ in childish faith,
 And posted for our dear Lord's sake.
 With careful hand he broke the seal,
 And rev'rently the letter read ;
 'Twas short, and very simple too,
 For this was all the writer said :

"O Heavenly Lord, I write to say,
 I've lately lost my father dear ;

Mother is very, very poor,
 And life to her is sad and drear.
 Yet Thou hast promised unto us
 That none shall ever ask in vain
 For what they need of earthly store,
 If only asked in Thy Son's name.

"And so I write Thee in His name,
 To ask that Thou wilt kindly send
 Some money down; what Thou canst spare,
 And what is right for us to spend.
 I want so much to go to school;
 While father lived I always went;
 But he had little, Lord, to leave,
 And what he left is almost spent.

"I do not know how long 'twill be
 Ere this can reach the golden gate;
 But I shall try to patient be,
 And for the answer gladly wait."
 The message reached the heavenly land,
 Although the letter did not go,
 And straight the King an angel sent
 To help the little boy below.

Off to his mother he would say,
 "I knew the Lord would answer make
 When He had read my letter through,
 Which I had sent for His Son's sake."

Ah, happy boy! could you but teach
 Our hearts to trust our Father's love,
 And to believe where aught's denied
 'Tis only done our faith to prove!

LESSON LXXIX.

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|---|--|
| 1. At-tēnd'ed, paid regard to ;
waited on ; <i>was present</i>
<i>at.</i> | 4. Yōke of oxen, two oxen fast-
ened together by a wooden
frame. |
|---|--|

The Father's Promise.

1. Annie Young lived in the country ; the school which she attended, was more than a mile from her home, and as the roads were bad, it was too far for her to walk in the winter. Her father always sent her to school in the morning in a sleigh or carriage, and brought her home at night in the same way.

2. One afternoon he stopped at the school-house, and told Annie that he was going along the road several miles, and might not return till after school was out. "But wait for me till I come," he said, "I will be here before dark."—When school was out, the children wrapped themselves in their cloaks, overcoats, and shawls, and set out for home.—"Are you not going?" asked one of the last that left the school-room, as she saw Annie take her seat by the stove.—"Father told me to wait for him," said

Annie. — “But are you not afraid to stay here alone?” — “What is there to be afraid of? It is pleasant and warm here.” — “I should be afraid to stay here alone,” said the girl; “it will be dark pretty soon.” — “Father said he would be here *before* dark.” — “What will you do if he doesn’t come?” — “There is no ‘doesn’t’ about it,” replied Annie; “Father *will* come for me; he said he would.”

3. Annie was left alone. Time seemed to move very slowly; the sun went down, and the room began to be gloomy. She went to the door and looked out for her father. He was not in sight, although, from the door of the school-house, you could see nearly a mile along the road.

4. Presently a man came along with a yoke of oxen and a sleigh. He was a neighbor of theirs. “What are you doing here?” he asked of Annie, when he saw her standing in the door. — “Waiting for father,” was her answer. — “It will soon be dark,” he said, “you had better get into my sleigh and go as far as my house. It would not be pleasant for you to stay here all night.” — “Father will be sure to come for me,” said Annie; “he told me to wait for him until he came.”

5. It was nearly dark, but not quite, when Mr. Young drove up to the door. He had driven fast to get there. He had been kept longer than he expected, and had left his business unfinished in order to keep his promise and get back to his child before dark. —

“Were you afraid I would not come, Annie?” he asked, as he wrapped her up in the warm buffalo rug.—“No, father,” was the child’s answer, “you said you would come, and *I knew you would.*”

6. How beautiful this is! If we could have the same trust in our Heavenly Father that Annie Young had in her earthly father, how happy we would be! And yet Annie’s father had not done one-hundredth part as much for her as our Father in Heaven does for us, every moment of our lives.

LESSON LXXX.

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| <p>1. Har’bor, a place of security ;
a place <i>which affords a safe station for ships.</i></p> <p>1. Man-of-war’, a ship of war.</p> <p>1. Off’ing, that part of the sea which is a good distance from the shore, or where there is deep water.</p> <p>2. Vēs’sel, a ship or boat of any kind.</p> <p>2. Armed (armd), furnished with swords, pistols, guns, or other weapons.</p> | <p>3. Spīt, a small point of land running into the sea.</p> <p>4. A-larm’, any sound or information intended to give notice of approaching danger.</p> <p>4. Dis-māy’, fear; fright; terror.</p> <p>4. Let go her anchor, drop the anchor to the bottom, so as to keep the ship at rest.</p> <p>4. Lay to, stopped; came to rest.</p> <p>6. Without lifting a finger, doing nothing.</p> <p>8. Scare, frighten.</p> |
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An Army of Two.

PRONUNCIATION.—¹Scituate is pronounced Sīt/u-āt; ²pshaw is shaw.

1. One morning, during the war of 1812, the people of Scituate¹ Harbor, Massachusetts, were thrown into

great distress by the appearance of a British man-of-war in the offing.

2. In those days, the Harbor was a fishing-place full of boats of all kinds. There was nothing to prevent the enemy's vessel from sailing up and burning the town, for though there were men enough to make a good fight, they were but poorly armed.

3. The tide was low, so that, for a few hours at least, the ship could not come up. On the end of the low, sandy spit that forms one side of the Harbor, stood the light-house. Back of it, lived the light-keeper's family, consisting of himself, his wife, and several boys and girls. At the time the ship appeared, Mr. Bates, the keeper, was away, and there was no one at home but his wife and Rebecca, the eldest daughter, two of the boys, and Sarah Wisner, a friend, who was on a visit.

4. Rebecca, while up in the light-house tower, was the first to see the ship. She ran down at once, and sent off the boys to the village to give the alarm. At about two o'clock, the tide reached high water, and to the dismay of the people, who stood watching, the ship let go her anchor, swung her yards round, and lay-to about half-a-mile from shore. With their spy-glasses, the people could see the boats lowered to take the soldiers ashore.

5. Then followed confusion! Every horse in the place was harnessed up, and the women and children hurried off to the woods behind the town. The men

determined to stay and fight as well as they could. If matters came to the worst, they could then seek safety in the woods.

6. Meanwhile, Rebecca and her friend sat in the light-house tower, watching the enemy's boats as they entered the Harbor. "O! if I only were a man!" said Rebecca. — "Pshaw²!" answered Sarah; "what could you do, if you were twenty men? See how many of them there are, and look at their guns." — "Well, I would fight anyhow. Think of the sloop and uncle's new boat. It is too bad, to think we must sit here and see them burning those boats without lifting a finger."

7. "I wonder if there will be a fight?"—"I am sure I do not know; father and uncle are in the village, and they will do all *they* can."—"Well, if there is to be a fight, I suppose the first we shall know of it is when we hear the drum and the shots."—"We cannot hear the drum, for father brought it home last night to mend it, and it is hanging in the kitchen now."

8. "It is! Let us get it and beat it, and who knows but it may scare the British away. We can hide behind the sandhills, where they cannot see us."—"O, what a good idea! there is the fife, too. We can take that."

Whene'er a task is set to you, don't idly sit and view it;
Nor be content to *wish* it done;—begin *at once* to *do* it.

LESSON LXXXI.

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|--|---|
| 1. Lěst , for fear that. | 5. Rěd'cōats , a name used in |
| 1. Māin'-land , the principal land. | contempt for the English |
| 2. Pant'ing , breathing quickly, as | soldiers. |
| after exertion. | 5. Weighed (wād) anch-or , raised |
| 4. Scrām ' bled (skrām ' bld), | the anchor out of the |
| climbed with difficulty. | ground. |

An Army of Two. Concluded.

1. Without another word the two girls rushed down the tower steps; then into the kitchen, where they got the drum and fife, and out again to the shore. They had to be careful lest they might be seen. They went round the house towards the outside beach, and then ran as fast as they could to the mainland. In a few moments, they reached the low heaps of sand that showed where the spit joined the field and woods.

2. Panting and excited, they tightened up the drum and softly tried the flute. "You take the fife, Sarah," said Rebecca, "and I will take the drum."—"All right," replied Sarah, "but we must not stand still. We must march along the shore towards the light-house, and the British will think it is soldiers going down to the point to head them off. Now then, begin. Forward, march!"

3. Drum! drum!! drum!!! Squeak! squeak!! squeak!!!—The men in the town heard it, and won-

dered what it meant. Had help arrived from Boston? Who were coming? Louder and louder rolled the drum, and shriller and shriller squeaked the fife. The soldiers heard it, and stopped their work of destruction. The officers heard it, and ordered every man into the boats, fearing they would all be captured.

4. How the British scrambled into their boats! One of the officers was nearly left behind, so great was the hurry to get away. How the sailors pulled! How the people on the shore yelled and cheered! A number of the fishermen jumped into their boats to chase the flying foe, but after firing a few shots, returned to the shore.

5. The red-coats did not return a shot, and as the boats reached the ship, night came on. Then the ship weighed anchor, ran out a big gun, and fired a round shot towards the light-house. It fell short, and threw a great fountain of water in the air. The girls saw it, and dropping their drum and fife, sat down on the beach and laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks.

6. That night the ship sailed away. The great American Army of Two had arrived, and the great British war-ship thought it wise to retreat in time.

Anger and pride are both unwise—
Vinegar never catches flies.

LESSON LXXXII.

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| 1. Dŭn'ning , urgent demands for payment. | 3. Leased (leest), let; granted possession for a time to another, in consideration of a certain rent. |
| 1. In'tel-lĕct , the power to judge and understand. | 3. Lĭb'er-al , open-hearted. |
| 2. Jail , prison. | |

"Come" and "Go."

Dick Dawdle had land worth five thousand a year,
 Yet from debt and from dunning he never was
 free ;

His intellect was not surprisingly clear,
 But he never felt satisfied how it could be.

The raps at his door, and the rings at his gate,
 And the threats of a jail he no longer could bear ;
 So he made up his mind to sell half his estate,
 Which would pay all his debts, and leave some-
 thing to spare.

He leased to a farmer the rest of his land
 For twenty-one years ; and on each quarter-day
 The honest man went with the rent in his hand,
 Delighted, his liberal landlord to pay.

Before half the term of the lease had expired,
 The farmer one day, with a bag full of gold,
 Said, " Pardon me, sir, but I long have desired
 To purchase your farm, if the land can be sold.

“Ten years I’ve been blest with success and with
health ;

With trials a few,—I thank God, not severe.

I am grateful, I hope, though not proud of my
wealth,

But I’ve managed to save quite a sum every
year.”

“Why, how,” exclaimed Dick, “can this possibly
be?”

(With a stare of surprise, and a mortified laugh ;)

“The *whole* of my farm proved too little for *me*,
And *you*, it appears, have grown rich upon *half*.”

“I hope you’ll excuse me,” the farmer replies,

“But I’ll tell you the cause, if you’re anxious to
know ;


In two little words all the difference lies,—

I always say *Come*, and you used to say *Go*.”

“Well, and what does that mean, my good fellow?”
he said.

“Why this, sir, that *I* always rise with the sun :
You said ‘*Go*’ to your man, as you lay in your
bed ;

I say, ‘*Come*, Jack, with me,’ and I see the work
done.”



LESSON LXXXIII.

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|---|--|
| <p>1. Trough (trawf), a long, hollow vessel, generally for holding water or other liquid, especially one formed by hollowing out one side of a log, lengthways.</p> <p>1. Nūi'sance (nū'sans), that which annoys or gives trouble.</p> <p>2. De-ris'ion (de-rizh'un), insult; mockery; ridicule.</p> | <p>4. Threād'bare, worn to the thread; much worn.</p> <p>5. Ur'gent, instantly important; calling for attention at once.</p> <p>6. Hōst'ess, a female who receives and entertains another or others at her house.</p> <p>9. Steepled (steepd), soaked in a liquid.</p> <p>9. Drained, <i>emptied by drinking</i>, or drawing off.</p> |
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How Dan was Saved.

1. Farmer Henderson came in from the barn one morning with his hands and clothes wet and covered with mud, his face red, and his eyes flashing. "Just see the state I am in," he said, "and all from that worthless old Dan. I had just filled one pail at the watering-trough, and was stooping to dip the other, when the rascal came at me, and knocked me into the water! He scampered, I tell you, before I could get out. He knew he had done mischief. He's only a nuisance, anyhow, and I'll shoot him to-night, when we come back from town."

2. Two hours later, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson drove away to be absent from home until night. As they rattled out of the yard, Dan suddenly appeared close to the gate, and wagging his tail as if in derision, gave a hoarse "Baa-a!" The farmer turned,

shook his whip at the fellow, and cried, "This is your last day, my boy! make the most of it!"

3. Ned and Carrie were the farmer's only children. Leaving Carrie in the house alone, after they had considered for awhile whether there was any way of saving Dan, Ned shouldered his hoe and marched off to his work, to plant potatoes with the hired man, in the "back lot." But the little girl of thirteen had no thought of being afraid. She had the breakfast dishes to wash, some sweeping to do, and the dinner to get, all before twelve o'clock.

4. Time fled. The dishes stood in shining rows upon the pantry shelves, the broom had performed its work, and Carrie was preparing the vegetables to be boiled, when there came a knock at the door. Supposing it to be one of the neighbors, the little girl did not rise, but called: "Come in!" The door was slowly opened, and a man stepped in. He wore a long, very threadbare, black coat, buttoned to his chin. His face was long and solemn, but quite red, his eyes bleared, his hands very dirty, and altogether he was a queer-looking visitor.

5. "Is your ma at home, miss?" said he, as he glanced sharply about the room. — "No, sir," replied Carrie, wondering why he asked; "she has gone to town. Did you wish to see her?" — "Oh no," the man replied. "I only asked out of politeness. I came on business with your pa,—particular, urgent business. I s'pose he's around?"

— “No, sir ; he went to town with mother,” said Carrie.

6. “Now that’s too bad !” exclaimed the visitor, as he seated himself ; “and I’ve come so far to see him ! But perhaps your brother or sister would do as well.”—“I haven’t any sister,” said the little hostess, laughing, “and my brother’s over in the back lot. I’ll call him, though, if he’ll do.”

7. “Well, I don’t hardly believe he will, after all,” said the man, shaking his head thoughtfully ; “and I can’t wait to-day anyway ; I haven’t time. But I’m terribly hungry. If I could, I’d stay to dinner, miss. However, perhaps you would give me a light lunch before I go ; a piece of pie, and a cup of tea, and a little cold meat, or something of that sort.”

8. “Oh, certainly ; only I can’t give you the meat, for we haven’t it in the house,” said Carrie, rising ; “but I will find something.” And she brought from the pantry a whole apple-pie, which she placed before him, with a knife and fork. “If you will help yourself, I’ll have the tea ready in three minutes.”—“All right, my dear !” said the man, seizing the knife, and drawing the pie towards him. “I will act upon your advice.”

9. Carrie wondered a little at the table-manners of the man, but she steeped his tea, flavored it with rich cream and sugar, and passed it to him. “I am not much of a hand for tea,” said the man, as he

drained the cup, "but my doctor says that I must drink it for my health. "By the way," he continued, picking up the silver teaspoon from his saucer, "have you any more of these? They are as neat a pattern as I ever saw, and odd, too. I should like to see the rest of the dozen, if you have them."

10. "Mother has only eleven," said Carrie, in her innocence, "and she is very proud of them; but I will show them to you." Then she brought the little box with the precious table-silver—eleven teaspoons, four tablespoons, and an ancient cream-jug—all pure silver, and shining brightly—and placed them before her inquisitive visitor to admire.

LESSON LXXXIV.

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| 4. Sprawl'ing , moving awkwardly or struggling, while lying down. | 5. Cöm'bat-ants , those who engage in fight. |
| 4. Spoil , that which is taken from others by violence. | 6. Quad'ru-ped , an animal having four feet. |
| 4. Shăg'gy , rough, with long hair or wool. | 6. An-tăg'o-nist , enemy; one who quarrels with another, especially one who fights with another. |
| 5. E-lūd'ed , avoided; kept away from. | 7. Foiled , defeated. |

How Dan was Saved. Concluded.

1. The man had finished his "light lunch." That is, the pie was eaten, and the teapot empty. As the

little girl handed him the treasures, he arose, took the box to the window, examined its contents for a moment, and then, as if in joyful surprise, cried : “I am right ! They are the very spoons ! The very same identical spoons that my friend lost when he was a boy ! How lucky it is that I have found them at last !” With these words, and a very low bow, the rascal opened the door and slipped away with the spoons and the silver cream-pitcher down the path towards the gate.

2. For an instant, Carrie stood motionless ; then, rushing after him, she shrieked : “Give me those spoons ! They are my mother’s spoons, and you are trying to steal them ! You are a thief, a thief ! Bring them back ! bring them back !” The man, however, paid no attention to the child’s cries, but ran rapidly down the path, carrying the box in his arms ; and the spoons and pitcher would have been lost forever, if a new party had not appeared on the scene.

3. Dan was quietly nibbling the grass near the gateway. Hearing the voice of his little mistress, he looked up at the very instant that the tramp passed. What he saw about the man that disturbed him, would be hard to say ; but, erecting his head with a hoarse “Baa-a !” he shot after him like a cannon-ball. The man turned to defend himself, but the ram struck him, and knocked him flat on his back, scattering the silver in all directions.

4. For an instant, the fellow remained sprawling in the dust, then he slowly arose, limping and groaning, and began to gather up his stolen spoils. He had partly completed his task when Dan, who all this time had been watching the proceeding from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, shook his long beard, and with another tremendous "Baa-a!" dashed at him again, and over he went a second time, his treasures flying from his hands.

5. And now began a strange battle. With cries of rage and pain, the man jumped up and turned upon the ram, kicking and striking at it furiously, while Dan, accustomed to such warfare from years of experience with the country-boys, easily eluded him, and in return, butted him to the earth again and again. The spoons and cream-pitcher were knocked hither and thither, as the combatants struggled, the road was trampled into something like a race-course, the air was filled with very bad language, very angry baas, and a great cloud of dust.

6. But after some minutes, victory declared itself upon the side of the quadruped; the vanquished man, bruised and bleeding, with clothes in rags, suddenly turned away, and ran limping down the road, leaving his antagonist in full possession of the field and the stolen silver. Dan remained motionless until the enemy disappeared around a distant turn in the road, then he shook the dust from his coarse wool, gave utterance to a low grumble of

satisfaction, and, wagging his tail, returned to his dinner in front of the house.

7. Half an hour later, as Carrie washed the spoons and the little pitcher, and laid them carefully away, she told her brother how the robber was foiled; and Ned cried: "We will not kill Dan after all, for I do not believe that father would shoot him now for a hundred dollars!" The boy was right. The old ram won more than he knew when he fought the tramp and conquered him. He gained his master's regard, and a free, happy life for the remainder of his days.

LESSON LXXXV.

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| 1. Ex-ists' (egz-ists'), lives. | 2. Māne , the long and heavy hair |
| 1. Quar'ter , a fourth part; <i>part</i> . | growing on the upper side |
| 1. A-bound' , are in great numbers. | of, or about, the neck of |
| 1. Fū'el , anything which feeds or increases flame or heat. | some four-footed animals. |
| 1. Thōngs , straps of leather, used for fastening; <i>lashes</i> . | 2. Ex-ter'nal , outside. |
| 1. Har-poons' , spears used to strike or kill large fish. | 3. Art'ful , cunning; skillful. |
| 2. Im-mēnse' , vast; enormous; very large. | 3. Pounced (pōwnst), fell suddenly; sprung upon. |
| | 4. Con-cēive' (kon-seev'), believe; understand. |
| | 5. Pared , cut off; shaved off. |

The Seal.

1. The Seal exists in almost every quarter of the globe, but especially abounds in the cold Northern and Southern seas. To the natives of the frozen

North the Seal is invaluable. Its flesh supplies them with food ; its fat furnishes them with oil for light and for fuel. Of its skin, they make clothing. The harness of their dog-sledges, the thongs of their whips, their high stout boots, reaching almost to their knees, are all made of seal-skin. They also make tents of seal-skin in summer, though in winter they build huts of snow. Part of the bladder of the Seal they use as a float to their harpoons, and of the stomach they make oil-flasks.

2. The common Seal exists in immense numbers on the coasts and among the islands of Behring Sea, but those that belong specially to that region, and are the most valued, are the Sea-lion and the Sea-bear. The Sea-lion is much larger than the common Seal. Its neck is covered with hair like a lion's mane ; but its head, with its pointed ears, large eyes, and whiskered lips, is more like that of a Polar bear, than that of a lion. It is distinguished from the common Seal by its ears, which are outside the head, like a land animal. The common Seal has no external ears. While the Sea-lion can swim as well as the Seal, it can move about on land more easily. It can climb rocks and steep banks, and run on level ground nearly as fast as a man.

3. The Sea-lion lives on fish. These it grasps with its teeth, raises its head, and swallows whole. Should the fish be too large for one mouthful, it breaks it in two with a jerk of its head, swallowing

first one part and then the other. It also feeds on sea-fowl, which it catches in a most artful manner. It lies in the water as still as possible, with only the tip of its nose showing above the surface. When a sea-fowl catches sight of this dark object in the distance, it takes it for a dainty bit awaiting it. It swims towards the prize, and is at once pounced upon by the Sea-lion.

4. The Sea-bear is found chiefly in the waters of Behring Sea. There these animals are so numerous, that two islands called St. Paul's and St. George's are said to contain, in summer, about six million of them. The value of this kind of Seal is owing to the thick fur which lies under its long hair. When the skins are sent home, it would be difficult to conceive that the beautiful article of dress called "seal-skin" could ever be made out of such a coarse-looking material. The skin is hard and stiff as a board, and long, coarse hairs cover the fur completely.

5. For many years it was the custom to pluck out each hair separately. But it was at length discovered that the roots of the long hair are deeper in the skin than those of the fur. Now, therefore, the skin is pared down at the back with a knife, until the roots of the hair are cut through, and then all the coarser hair is brushed off with the hand. The thick soft under-fur alone is left; and after being dyed, so as to make all of the same shade of color, the fur becomes smooth and ready for use.

LESSON LXXXVI.

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| <p>1. En-coûr'age-ment, that which serves to support or advance.</p> <p>1. Tăl'ent, skill in accomplishing.</p> <p>1. De-part'ments, parts; divisions; branches.</p> <p>1. A-ward'ed, given by judgment.</p> <p>1. Ar'ti-sans, persons trained to some mechanic art or trade; mechanics.</p> <p>4. Vënt'ûre, chance; risk.</p> <p>5. In'so-lent-ly, rudely; saucily.</p> <p>6. De-ter', prevent by fear; <i>prevent by opposing</i>.</p> <p>6. Păl'ette, the board on which a painter lays and mixes his colors.</p> <p>7. A-do', trouble; difficulty.</p> <p>7. Cos-tûmes', styles of dress.</p> <p>8. Rûf'fian-ly (ruf'yan-lē), bold in crimes.</p> <p>9. Se-lëct', choose and take from a number.</p> | <p>9. Pē'ri-od, time.</p> <p>9. At'ti-tûdes, positions of the body.</p> <p>10. De-cis'ion (de-sizh'un), the act of settling.</p> <p>10. Dis-tinc'tion, <i>rank</i>; division; superiority.</p> <p>11. An-nounced' (an-nouncet'), made known.</p> <p>11. Re-frāin', hold back; keep from.</p> <p>12. Ap-plause', approbation and praise shown by clapping the hands and other means.</p> <p>12. En-thū'si-āsm (en-thū'zī-āzm), great excitement of feeling; <i>great warmth and energy</i>.</p> <p>12. Com-pët'i-tors, rivals.</p> <p>12. Ma-tûre', ripe; <i>full grown</i>.</p> <p>12. Mĩn'i-a-tûre (mĩn'ĩ-at-yur), a painting much smaller than the object represented.</p> |
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I Will Try.

1. There is a society in London known as the Society of Arts. Its object is the encouragement of talent in the various departments of Art. Prizes are awarded by the society, sometimes to painters for their pictures, and sometimes to humble artisans for improvements in weaving, or in other art manufactures.

2. In the early part of the present century, a little

fellow named William Ross, not twelve years of age, was talking with his mother about an exhibition of paintings at the society's rooms. William was very fond of painting, and could draw and color with remarkable skill. "William," said his mother, "I saw some paintings in the exhibition, which did not seem to me, half as good as some of yours."

3. "Do you really think so, mother?" asked he. — "I am sure of it," replied she. "I saw paintings inferior, both in color and in drawing, to some that are hanging in your little room." William knew that his mother was no flatterer, and he said, "I have a mind to ask permission to hang one or two of my paintings on the walls, at the next exhibition." — "Why not try for one of the prizes?" asked his mother.

4. "O mother! do you think I stand any chance of success?" said William. — "Nothing venture, nothing have," said his mother. "You can at least try." — "And I *will* try, mother," said William. "I have a historical subject in my head, out of which I think I could make a picture." — "What is it, William?"

5. "The death of Wat Tyler. You have heard of him. He led a mob in the time of Richard the Second. Having behaved insolently towards the King at Smithfield, Tyler was struck down by Walworth, Mayor of London, and then killed by the King's attendants."

6. "It is a bold subject, William; but I shall say nothing to deter you from trying."—"If I fail, mother, where will be the harm? I can try again."—"To be sure you can, William. So we shall not be disappointed should you not succeed in winning the silver palette, offered by the society for the best historical painting."

7. Without more ado, little William went to work. He first acquainted himself with the costumes of the year 1381. He learned how the King and the noblemen used to dress, and what sort of clothes were worn by the poor people and laborers, to which class Wat Tyler belonged. He also learned what weapons were carried in those days.

8. After giving some time to the study of these things, he acquainted himself thoroughly with the historical incidents attending the death of the bold rioter. He grouped, in imagination, the persons who were present at the scene—the King and his attendants; Walworth, the mayor; Wat Tyler himself; and in the background some of his ruffianly companions.

9. The difficulty now was to select that period of the action best fitted for a picture, and to group the figures in the most natural and expressive attitudes. William made many sketches of the scene on paper, and, after many trials and many failures, he completed one which he decided to transfer to canvas.

10. He now labored diligently at his task, and

took every opportunity to improve himself in a knowledge of colors and their effects. At length the day for handing in his picture arrived. He then had to wait a month before there was any decision as to its merits. On the day appointed for the announcement of the decision, many persons of distinction were present, including ladies.

11. William's mother was among the number, of course. With a beating heart she sat waiting the result. What a proud mother she was, when it was announced that the prize of a silver palette, for the best historical picture, was awarded to the painter of the piece entitled "The Death of Wat Tyler"! Poor Mrs. Ross was so overjoyed she could not refrain from weeping.

12. When the audience learned that little William Ross was the successful artist, their applause broke forth with enthusiasm, for to see such a little fellow gain a prize over competitors of mature age, was a surprise. William afterwards became *Sir* William Ross, miniature painter to Queen Victoria, having risen to fortune and rank by carrying out, with determination and perseverance, his simple promise to his mother—"I will try."

QUESTIONS.—What is the object of the London Society of Arts? What subject did William Ross select? How did he prepare for his work? What was the result of his attempt?

LESSON LXXXVII.

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| 1. Cōpe, struggle ; combat.
2. Drōnes, the males of the honey-
bee ; they make no honey,
hence, <i>lazy, idle fellows</i> .
2. Măg'ni-fŷ, make greater.
3. Zēal, eagerness in favor of a
cause or person. | 3. Sīn'ew (sīn'yū), that which
supplies strength.
3. Put your shoulder to the
wheel, exert yourself.
5. An'vil, an iron block on which
metals are hammered ; <i>a</i>
<i>trade</i> .
5. Dēs'ti-ny, fate ; fortune. |
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Boys Wanted.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
 Boys of muscle, brain, and power,
 Fit to cope with anything—
 These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,
 That all trouble magnify ;
 Not the watchword of 'I can't,'
 But the nobler one, 'I'll try.'

Do whate'er you have to do
 With a true and earnest zeal ;
 Bend your sinews to the task,
 Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Though your duty may be hard,
 Look not on it as an ill ;
 If it be an honest task,
 Do it with an honest will.

At the anvil, on the farm,
 Wheresoever you may be—
 From your future efforts, boys,
 Comes a nation's destiny.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

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| <p>3. Re-lig'ioŭs, one belonging to a religious order or community ; a <i>nun</i>, monk, or friar.</p> <p>4. Found'ed, <i>established</i> ; built.</p> <p>5. Spīr' it-ū - al, relating to the soul ; relating to sacred things.</p> | <p>5. Ac-quire' (ak-kwīr), obtain ; gain ; secure.</p> <p>6. Pī'rates, robbers on the seas.</p> <p>6. A - dorned', decorated ; ornamented.</p> <p>6. Tomb (tōm), grave ; a vault for the reception of the dead.</p> |
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Saint Bridget.

1. The child whom we now venerate as St. Bridget, was born in Ireland about the year 453. It was her happiness to listen at times to the teaching of St. Patrick, and the lessons thus learned ran pleasantly in her mind as she went about the simple duties of her daily life.

2. As the little girl grew to womanhood, her parents wished her to marry, but Bridget, determined to live for God alone, begged of Him that she might lose the beauty that made her pleasing in the eyes of men. Her prayer was answered, for one of her eyes began to swell, and in a short time she was terribly deformed.

3. Bridget's parents now consented to her becoming a religious, and she received the veil, which she had so much desired, from Bishop Maceleus. When she pronounced her vows, our Blessed Lord showed His love for her by restoring her beauty, and by causing the boards on which she knelt to become as fresh and as green as when they were trees.



4. She founded a convent at Kildare, which means the Church of the Oak, so called from having been built near a great oak tree, and several other maidens joined her in her religious life. Soon so many women of all ages, flocked around her, that she was obliged to open convents in different parts of Ireland for their reception.

5. One day her friend, the aged Bishop Maccaille, invited Bridget and seven sisters who first joined her, to sup at his house. Before taking supper, they asked him to give them spiritual instruction. He took the Sermon on the Mount for his text, and explained the eight blessings or beatitudes. St. Bridget proposed that they should each choose one of the eight virtues, and try hard to acquire it. She herself chose mercy, though day and night she practiced the other virtues too.

6. St. Bridget died in the year 525, at the age of seventy, and was buried at Kildare. Four hundred years after, the Danish pirates stole the gold and jewels that adorned her tomb. Then she was laid at Downpatrick, in the same tomb with St. Patrick and St. Columbkille.

LESSON LXXXIX.

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| 1. Per'fūmed (per'fūmd), sweet-scented.
3. Ver'dant , green.
3. Ac'cents , words, or language ; used in the lesson for <i>songs</i> . | 4. Swells , increases the sound of.
5. Host , any great number.
6. En-dūed' (en-dūd'), supplied with. |
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God is Good.

God is good ! each perfumed flower,
 The waving field, the dark-green wood,
 The insect, fluttering for an hour ;
 All things proclaim that God is good.

I hear it in each breath of wind ;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The clouds, with gold and silver lined,
All still repeat that God is good.

Each little stream that many a year
Has the same verdant path pursued,
And every bird in accents clear,
Joins in the song—that God is good.

The restless sea with haughty roar,
Calms each wild wave and billows rude,
Retreats submissive from the shore,
And swells the chorus—‘God is good.’

The countless host of twinkling stars,
That sings His praise with light renewed ;
The rising sun each day declares,
In rays of glory—‘God is good.’

The moon, that walks in brightness, says
That God is good ! and man endued
With power to speak his Maker’s praise,
Should still repeat that God is good.

It is no wonder that foreigners find our language difficult. For instance : take the word *fast*. A clock is called *fast* when it is ahead of time ; but a man is said to *stand fast* when he is stock-still. People *fast* when they have nothing to eat, and they eat *fast* when they devour a deal in a short space of time.

LESSON XC.

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| 3. Lower to your level , come down to your rank or state ; <i>degrade myself</i> .
3. Com'fort (kŭm'furt), strength and relief in trouble.
4. Griēf (greef), sorrow ; distress.
4. Heap coals of fire on his head , do good for evil. | 4. Scorch'ing , burning on the surface ; affecting painfully with heat.
5. Gloom'y , dark ; dim ; <i>sad ; downcast</i> .
5. Hu-mil-i-ā'tion , state of being reduced to meekness or submission. |
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Coals of Fire.

1. Guy Morgan came into the room where his mother was at work ; throwing his cap on the table, and seating himself at her feet, he said, with a little temper in his tone, "Never say, after this, that I do not love you, mother."—"I think I never *did* say so," she answered, gently. "But what have you done to prove your love for me just now?"—"Taken a blow without returning it."

2. She bent over and kissed him, and then said, softly, "Tell me all about it, Guy."—"Oh, it was Dick Osgood. You know what a mean, bullying fellow he is anyhow. He had been tormenting some of the little boys, till I could stand it no longer. I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, and tried to make him stop, then he turned from them, and coming to me, struck me in the face. See!" and he turned toward her the other cheek, which he had kept away from her up to this time. She

saw the marks clearly, and she felt almost angry herself.—“Well,” she said, “and what did you do?”

3. “I remembered what I had promised you for this year, and I took it,—think of it, mother,—*took* it, and never touched him. I just looked into his eyes, and said, ‘If I should strike you back, I should lower myself to your level.’ The boys laughed, and I came home. I thought you were the one to comfort me; though it isn’t comfort I want so much as for you to release me from that promise, and let me go back and thrash him.”

4. Mrs. Morgan thanked God, in her heart, for her boy’s conduct. His temper had been her greatest grief. His father was dead, and as she had brought him up, she was sometimes afraid her too great tenderness had spoiled him. Now, she thought, he had shown himself able to control himself. “Better heap coals of fire on his head,” she said, quietly.—“Yes, he deserves a good scorching,” he answered, pretending to misunderstand her, “but I should not have thought *you* would have advised that.”—“You know well enough what kind of coals I mean. I cannot release you from your promise until the year for which you made it is over.”—“Well, I will keep my promise,” Guy said. “I think, though, you don’t quite know how hard it is.”

5. Mrs. Morgan thought she did know just about how “hard” it was to a boy’s nature to be called a coward; but she knew, also, that the truest bravery

is the bravery of endurance. "Look out for the coals of fire," she said, smilingly, as her boy started off for school the next morning. "Keep a good watch, and I'm pretty sure you'll find them, before the summer is over." But he came home that night a little gloomy. There had always been a sort of rivalry between him and Dick Osgood, and now the boys seemed to have gone over to the stronger side, and Guy had that feeling of humiliation and disgrace which is as bitter to a boy as the sense of defeat ever is to a man.

LESSON XCI.

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| <p>1. Hēs'i-tāt-ed, was uncertain about.</p> | <p>3. Loung'ing, moving idly about; <i>leaning back at ease.</i></p> |
| <p>1. Brīnk, the edge of a steep place; <i>bank of a river.</i></p> | <p>5. Jăg'ged, having notches, teeth, or sharp points.</p> |
| <p>3. Hăm'mocks, hanging beds, suspended by cords.</p> | <p>10. For-bear'ance, exercise of patience.</p> |

Coals of Fire. Concluded.

1. The weeks went on, and at length came the last day of school, to be followed next day by a picnic, in which all the scholars were to join. Guy Morgan hesitated a little, then concluded to go. The place selected was a lovely spot, known in all the neighborhood as "the old mill." It was on the banks of a river, where the stream ran fast; the grass on

its brink was green, and great trees shut away the July sunlight.

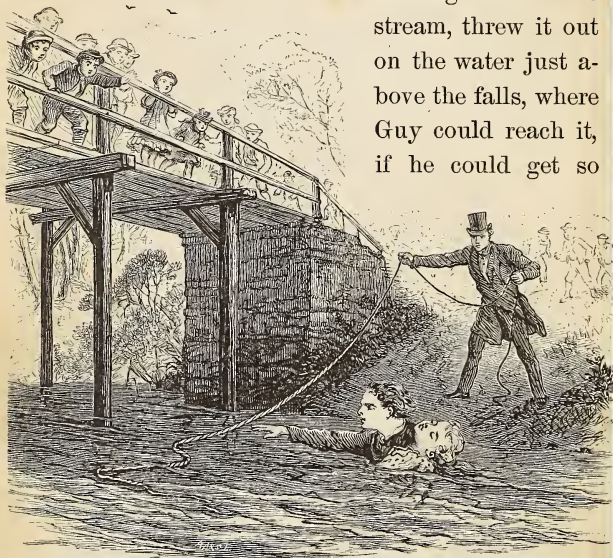
2. Among those present were Dick Osgood and his little sister Hetty—the only human being whom he seemed really tenderly to love. The teachers' eyes were on him for this one day, and he neither insulted the older scholars nor bullied the little ones. He and Guy kept apart as much as they could. Guy really enjoyed the day more than he had enjoyed anything for the past two months.

3. Dinner was spread on the grass, and nothing at home ever tasted half so good. After dinner they scattered here and there—some swinging in hammocks, some lounging on the grass, and a group standing on the bridge fishing, a few rods above the falls. Among the last were Dick Osgood and his sister. Guy was at a little distance with one of the teachers, when suddenly a wild cry rose above the stillness of the summer afternoon. It was Dick Osgood's voice: "She's in, boys! Hetty's in the river, and *I* can't swim. O, save her, save her!—will *nobody* try?"

4. The words were scarcely uttered, when they all saw Guy Morgan coming with flying feet—a race for life. He unbuttoned coat and vest as he ran, and cast them off as he neared the bridge. He kicked off his shoes, and threw himself over. They heard him plunge into the water. He went under, rose again, and then struck out toward the golden

head which rose, just then, for the second time. Every one who stood there lived moments which seemed like hours.

5. The boys and Mr. Sharp, the teacher, with whom Guy had been talking, got a strong rope, and, running down the stream, threw it out on the water just above the falls, where Guy could reach it, if he could get so



near the shore. The water was very deep where Hetty had fallen in, and the river ran fast. It was sweeping the poor child on, and Dick Osgood threw himself upon the bridge, and sobbed and screamed like one mad. When she rose the third time, she was near the falls. A moment more and she would

go over, down on the jagged rocks beneath. But that third time, Guy caught her—caught her by her long, golden hair. Mr. Sharp shouted to him. He saw the rope and swam towards it, his strong right arm beating the water back with hammer-strokes; his left motionless, holding his white burden. A moment more and he reached the rope, clung to it, and boys and teacher drew the two in, over the slippery edge, out of the water, and took them in their arms, both silent, both motionless. Mr. Sharp spoke Guy's name, but he did not answer.

6. Teachers and scholars went to work to bring them to life. Guy, being the stronger, was the first to revive. "Is Hetty safe?" was his anxious question.—"Only God knows," Mr. Sharp answered, solemnly. "We are doing our best."—It was some time, before pretty Hetty opened her blue eyes. Meantime, Dick had been utterly helpless. He had sobbed, and groaned, and cried, and prayed, and when he heard his sister's voice, he was like one beside himself with joy, until Mr. Sharp quieted him by a few low, firm words.

7. Some of the larger girls arranged one of the wagons, and, getting into it, took Hetty in their arms. Mr. Sharp drove Guy home. When they reached his mother's gate, Guy insisted on going in alone. He thought it might alarm her to see some one helping him; besides, he wanted her a few moments quite to himself. So Mr. Sharp drove

away, and Guy went in. His mother saw him coming, and opened the door. "Where have you been?" she cried, seeing his dripping state.—"In the river, mother, fishing out Hetty Osgood."

8. Then he quietly told his story. His mother's eyes grew dim. "O, if *you* had been drowned, my boy, my darling!" she cried, hugging him close, wet as he was, as if she would hold him back from all dangers forever. "If I had been there, Guy, I couldn't have let you do it."—"I went in after the coals of fire, mother."—Mrs. Morgan knew how to laugh with her boy, as well as how to cry over him. "I've heard of people smart enough to set the river on fire," she said, "but you are the first one I ever knew who went in there after the coals."

9. The next morning some of the boys, with Dick Osgood at their head, came to see Guy. They walked into the sitting-room, and then Dick, who was the spokesman, said: "I have come to ask you to forgive me. I struck you a mean blow. You received it with noble contempt. To provoke you into fighting, I called you a coward. You bore that, too, with a greatness I did not understand. I understand it now; and we are all come to do honor to the bravest boy in town, and I, to thank you for a life a great deal dearer and better worth saving than my own."

10. Dick broke down just there, for the tears choked him. Guy was as great in his forgiveness

as he had been in his forbearance. Hetty, and her father and mother came afterwards, and Guy found himself a hero, before he knew it. But none of it all moved him as did his mother's few, fond words, and the pride in her joyful eyes. He had kept with honor and with patience, his pledge to her, and he had his reward.

LESSON XCII.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Strōll, a leisurely walk. | 6. Re-joined', answered in reply. |
| 2. Slōp'ing (slōp'ing), inclining. | 6. Mōn'arch (mōn'ark), emperor;
king ; ruler. |
| 3. Flōr'in, a silver coin, varying
in value, according to the
country. | 6. Sur-vey'ing, looking at. |
| 4. Măn'sion, house ; especially
one of some size and mag-
nificence. | 7. Re-prēssed' (re-prēssd'), over-
powered ; checked. |
| 4. Shroud'ed, hidden. | 7. As-sūm'ing, taking on. |
| | 7. Scăn'ning, examining with
care. |

The King and the Geese.

1. One summer's day, Maximilian Joseph, King of Bavaria, was reading in his park. The heat was so great, and the place so quiet, that he fell asleep. Waking a little while afterwards, he thought he would take a stroll.

2. The path which he chose led to the meadows, gently sloping down to a large sheet of water called "The Lake." When there, he remembered that he had left his book lying on the bench.

“Pshaw !” he said to himself, “some passer-by will see it, and the book will be lost.” However, as he did not want to retrace his steps, he looked about for some one who might fetch it to him ; but the only person he saw was a boy tending a flock of geese.

3. “My boy,” said the King, approaching him, “on the bench under the large elm, in the park, you will find a book which I have forgotten ; fetch it to me, and you shall have a florin as a reward.” The boy, not knowing the King, cast a glance of distrust at the one who offered a florin for such a trifling service.

4. “I’m not a fool,” said he, turning his back. The child’s manner amused the King.—“Why do you think I’m making fun of you ?” asked he, smiling.—“Because you offer me a florin for so little work ; money isn’t made so easily. I’m thinking you’re from the castle yonder,” pointing, as he spoke, to the royal mansion, which was shrouded by the magnificent trees of the park, “and those people promise more than they carry out.”

5. “Well, here is the florin beforehand ; now run, and fetch my book.” The boy still hesitated. “What are you waiting for ?” The boy took off his cap and scratched his ear.—“I should like to do it, but I dare not,” said he. “If the peasants found out I had left my geese, I would lose my place.”

6. “I will take care of them while you are away,”

rejoined the monarch.—“You?” said the boy, surveying the King from head to foot. “You look as if you knew how to keep geese! Why, they would run away into the fields, and I should have to pay more for a fine than I could earn in a year! Do you see that goose there with the black head? It belongs to the gardener at the castle. Well, that is a good-for-nothing bird! If I were to go, he would show off finely. No, no, that won’t do!”

7. The King with difficulty repressed his laughter, and assuming a grave air, he said: “Why, I think I can keep a flock of geese in order, since I succeed in doing so with men?”—“Do you?” replied the boy, scanning him anew. “Ah, I suppose you’re a schoolmaster; well, scholars are more easily managed than geese!”—“Perhaps so; but be quick; will you fetch my book?”—“I should like to, but——” — “I will answer for anything that may happen, and will pay the fine if the owner of the field is angry with you.”

A little boy, while leaning down to drink,
Fell in a stream, and soon began to sink.
A man, in passing, heard him as he cried
For aid, and running to the river-side,
Began to scold the boy with all his might
For getting into such a dangerous plight.
“Oh, save me—save me first!” the child replied,
“And then there will be time enough to chide.”

Of men in trouble we may say the same:
Assist them first, and gain the right to blame.

LESSON XCIII.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Scru'ples , doubts or hesitation proceeding from motives of conscience.
2. Gräv'i-ty , seriousness.
2. Pass'a-bly , moderately.
3. So-nō'rous , loud, clear-sounding. | 3. Re-spönd'ed , answered.
4. Läg'gards , those who are slow.
4. In'sur-rēc'tion , rebellion.
5. Süb'sti-tüte , one put in the place of another.
8. Mëd'i-tā'tive-ly , thoughtfully. |
|---|---|

The King and the Geese. Concluded.

1. The scruples of the little keeper of geese were finally overcome. He cautioned the King to look well after the goose he called the "court-gardener," which always headed the entire flock; gave him the whip, and then ran off as fast as his legs would carry him. But suddenly he stopped and came back.

2. "What now?" inquired the King.—"Crack the whip," said the boy. The King obeyed, but without producing any sound from it. "I thought you couldn't," said the boy. "Here is a school-master who wants to keep geese, and doesn't know how to crack a whip!" So saying he snatched it out of the King's hand and showed how it ought to be used. The King received the lesson with great gravity, and when he was able to make the whip sound passably, the boy begged him to make good use of it, and departed at full speed.

3. It really did seem as if these winged subjects

of the King, felt that they were no longer under the yoke of their youthful but severe master. The "court-gardener" stretched out his neck, cast a glance on all sides and gave a sonorous "quack, quack." All the flock responded to the call, clapped their wings, and like a heap of feathers lifted up by a hurricane, the greater number flew up into the air, and, finally, settled down in different parts of the field.

4. The King shouted; but in vain; he tried to crack the whip, it would scarcely sound; he ran to the right, and to the left, but only succeeded in hastening the desertion of the laggards. Overcome with the heat, he threw himself down on the trunk of a tree, and left the birds to follow their own will. "Ah, well!" he said at last, "the child is right; it is easier to govern some millions of men than a single flock of geese. However, it's the 'court-gardener' that has been the leader of the insurrection."

5. Meanwhile, the young herdsman, having found the book, was joyously retracing his steps. But as he drew near to his royal substitute and saw the mishap he had caused, he burst into tears. "I said you did not understand it," cried he; "I can never get them together again myself, you must help me." After having taught the King how he was to call, and to stretch out and wave his arms, the boy ran after the geese which were furthest off.

6. The good-natured King did his best, and after a long chase and great trouble, they succeeded in making themselves masters of the whole flock. Not till then did the boy break out: "I will never trust my whip again to a gentleman like you. If the King himself should try to get me to leave my flock, I would refuse."

7. "You're right, my boy," replied the other, bursting into a laugh, "for I assure you he would do it as badly as I have done, since I am myself the King."—"Tell that to whoever will believe it; take your book, and go where you came from. You, to call yourself the King, and be so awkward!"—"Do not be angry with me," said the monarch, holding out to the child four more florins. "I promise you for the future I will never undertake to keep geese!"

8. The boy reflected for a moment, and then said: "Whoever you are, you're a very good gentleman, and I wish you hadn't had so much trouble; but," he added, meditatively, "they tell me *everybody ought to mind his own business*; and I suppose it's true!"

Keep to what you best can do,

Let all other business go.

Hold this homely proverb fast:

"Good cobbler, ne'er forsake your last."

LESSON XCIV.

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 5. Fur'ther-more, besides. | 6. Hōb'bled (hōb'bld), limped ; |
| 5. Rōamed (rōmd), wandered ; | walked lamely; <i>walked with</i> |
| <i>traveled.</i> | <i>a hitch or a hop.</i> |

The Philosopher.

There's the queerest old fellow lives over the hill ;
 I see him whenever I go to the mill,
 Sitting there on a stone at the foot of the lane,
 With his eyes far away, and his chin on his cane.
 And I often have thought I would like to find out
 What it was the old fellow was thinking about.

So one autumn morning, as I happened that way,
 I took off my hat, and I bade him good-day.
 He looked up in my face with the funniest smile,
 And said he, as if reading my wish all the while,
 "If you'll wait just a moment, my man, you shall
 hear
 What it is I've been thinking of, many a year.

"I have noticed," said he, "with no little surprise,
 That we men, for the most part, are blessed with *two*
 eyes

And only *one* mouth ; but I think, without doubt,
 I at length have been able to puzzle it out.
 We are given our two eyes to see all we can,
 And one mouth to say little about it, my man.

“I’ve been wondering, too, for a great many years,
 Why it was that a man was possessed of *two* ears,
 Still only *one* mouth, and I think I now see
 Very clearly, indeed, what the reason must be.
 We are given our two ears to hear all we can,
 And one mouth to say little about it, my man.

“Furthermore, I have roamed in a great many lands,
 And have found, as a rule, that men have just *two*
 . hands,

Yet always *one* mouth ; but I’m sure that of late
 I have worked it all out, and the reason can state.
 We are given our two hands to work all we can,
 And one mouth to say little about it, my man.

“Finally, it is clear, that each man whom we meet
 Always has, with *one* mouth, *twice* that number of
 feet,

From which so much meaning, at least, I unravel,
 That I’d better stop talking, and get up and travel.”
 And, so saying, the old fellow hobbled away,
 And I never have seen him again to this day.

A noble Roman lady was once asked to show her jewels and treasures to a friend. At that moment, her two sons entered the room. Pointing to them, their mother fondly said : “These are my jewels.” And those jewels proved worthy of her pride and love, for they grew up to be brave and good men.

LESSON XCV.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Jack-at-all-trades , a person, somewhat skillful at all kinds of trades.
1. Rěp-ŭ-tā'ticn , good name.
1. Fāme , renown ; celebrity.
1. Mar'quis (mar'kwis), a nobleman of a rank next below that of a duke.
1. Cen-těn'ni-al , belonging to the hundredth anniversary.
2. Call'ing , business ; trade.
3. Ad-jüst' , <i>arrange</i> ; fit ; suit. | 3. Văl'et (văl'ā), a waiting servant.
3. Wāist'coāts , vests.
3. Goose , a water-fowl ; <i>a tailor's iron</i> .
4. Rōar , loud, continuous sound ; <i>loud laughter</i> .
5. Pēals (peels), loud sounds.
5. Com-pōsed' (pozd'), quieted.
6. Com - prised' , embraced ; included ; contained. |
|--|--|

A Jack-at-all-trades.

1. Gilbert Stuart, the famous portrait-painter, was born in Rhode Island in 1755. At the early age of thirteen, he painted so well as to receive orders for his pictures. In his twenty-second year, he went to London, and did not return home until he had made a reputation as a portrait-painter. He gained his greatest fame in this country by his portraits of Washington, of whom he painted several. His first full-length picture of Washington was painted for the Marquis of Lansdowne. It was sent to the Centennial Exhibition, and a copy was made for the Philadelphia Academy of Art.

2. Once, when Mr. Stuart was traveling in England, he had for his fellow-passengers a number of gentlemen, perfect strangers to him, who, finding him amusing, asked him who he was, and what was his

calling. "I sometimes dress ladies' and gentlemen's hair," Mr. Stuart answered. — "You are a hair-dresser, then?" — "What!" said he. "Do you take me for a barber?"

3. "I beg your pardon, sir! but I supposed so from what you said. May I then take the liberty of asking what you are?" — "Why, I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat, or hat, and often adjust a cravat." — "Oh, you are a valet, then?" — "A valet? I am not a servant. To-be-sure, I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen." — "Oh, you are a tailor?" — "Tailor? Do I look like a tailor? I assure you I never handled a goose other than a roasted one."

4. By this time they were all in a roar. "What are you, then?" asked one. — "I'll tell you," said Stuart. "Be assured all I tell you is true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat and make coats and waistcoats, and likewise boots and shoes, *at your service!*" — "Oh, a boot and shoe-maker, after all?" — "Guess again, gentlemen! I never handle boots and shoes but for my own feet, yet what I have told you is true." — "We may as well give up guessing."

5. Checking his laughter, and taking a large pinch of snuff, he said to them, very gravely: "Now, gentlemen, I will not play the fool with you any longer. I get my living by making faces." He then screwed his face and twisted his features in

such a manner that his companions broke into peals of laughter. When they had composed themselves, each took credit to himself for having "all the while suspected that he belonged to the theater, and that he must be a comedian by profession," when, to their surprise, he assured them that he was never on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a theater, or any other place of amusement.

6. They all now looked at each other in astonishment. Before parting, Stuart said to his companions: "Gentlemen, you will find that all I have said of my various employments is comprised in these words: I am a portrait-painter."

LESSON XCVI.

Magic Curtains.

I know of some curtains, all lined with pink silk,
And bordered with fringes of gold,
That, fashioned of satin, the hue of rich milk,
Are made to fold and unfold.

When darkness comes on, and the world sinks to
sleep,
These beautiful curtains slip down;
And, all through the night hours, caressingly sweep
The cheeks of all sleepers in town.

And when the day dawns, and the people wake up,
 These curtains, they fold up so tight—
 Their creamy-white fulness so closely take up,
 That only the fringe is in sight !

Do you know what these wonderful curtains are
 yet ?

Or, will you be filled with surprise
 When I tell you that two are most cunningly set
 Right over your wondering eyes ?

LESSON XCVII.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. A'mi-a-ble , worthy of love. | 3. Cau'tion , advice ; warning. |
| 1. Hõm'age , honor ; respect. | 4. Ap-prõached' (ap-prõcht'),
drew near. |
| 1. Meek'ness , gentleness. | 4. Cēase , stop ; leave off. |
| 1. Hu-mil'i-ty , lowliness. | 5. Her'mit-age , a retired resi-
dence. |
| 2. Blēat , to cry as a sheep. | 5. Warned , given notice. |
| 3. Hare , an animal resembling a
rabbit. | |

St. Francis of Assisi.

PRONUNCIATION.—Choir is pronounced kwīr, and rhymes with admire.

1. This great Saint was of such a sweet, amiable disposition that a Protestant historian of our time, calls him “the most gentle of all the Saints.” Even the birds of the air and the beasts of the forest and of the field, paid homage to his meekness and humility. He, on his part, called them his brothers and

sisters, since, as he said, "our dear Lord is their Father as well as mine."

2. At one time a sheep was brought to the Saint, and he taught it to praise God. The creature, as if it understood the piety of the holy man, did as he ordered it, and would go into the church when the monks were singing in the choir, and there bleat and bend its knees before the altar of the Blessed Virgin.

3. At another time, a live hare was placed on the ground before St. Francis; but, instead of running off, as is natural, the little animal jumped into the arms of the Saint. He petted it; and then, with a caution to be careful not be caught in future, set it free. But again and again the gentle creature returned, until at last it had to be carried away by one of the monks.

4. On another occasion, as the Saint was out walking with his monks, he saw a great number of birds sitting on the branches of a tree, and singing as if their little throats would split. "See!" he said to his companions; "our sisters, the birds, are praising the Creator; let us join our praises with theirs." The birds did not fly away, as the Saint approached, but continued to sing so loud, that the monks could not hear one another. But when Francis called out: "My sisters, cease your singing," the birds stopped at once, nor did they begin again until St. Francis had given them permission.

5. Having retired to a hermitage at Mount Alvernia, where he intended to spend Lent, the birds came flying around his cell as if to welcome him. Among them was a falcon which, by its cry, awoke the Saint every night when it was time to say the Divine Office. When Francis grew weak and sick, the bird, as if warned by God, called him, with a gentle cry, and only at day-break.

LESSON XCVIII.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Smíth'y , the shop of a smith. | 4. Thrásh'ing-floor , a floor on |
| 1. Sín'ew-y (sín'yú-e), strong. | which grain is beaten out. |
| 1. Brawn'y , strong. | 8. Wrought (rawt), worked. |
| 4. Chaff , husks of grain. | |

The Village Blacksmith.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
 The village smithy stands;
 The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
 His face is like the tan;
 His brow is wet with honest sweat,
 He earns whate'er he can,
 And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a thrashing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the pastor pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;

Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on his sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!



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